

# THE QUARTO













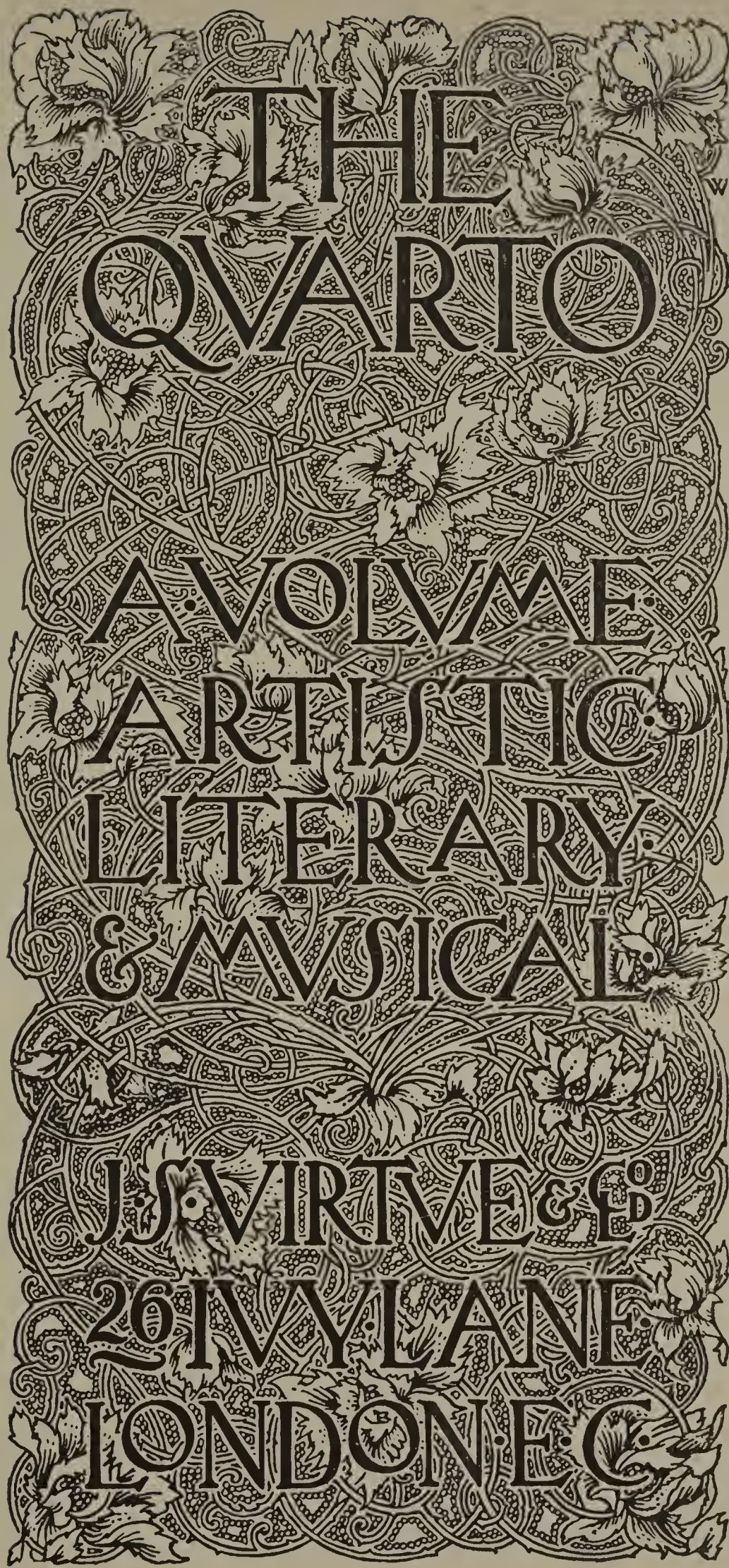


*With the Editors Compliments*









THE  
QUARTO

A VOLVME  
ARTISTIC  
LITERARY  
& MUSICAL

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THE SALUTATION  
OF BEATRICE.  
DANTE GABRI-  
EL ROSSETTI.



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THE days are shortening as the year speeds by, and the season of books is at hand. In venturing to offer this third volume of THE QUARTO to swell that countless host that our country produces, we can only say that we hope for the kindly reception accorded to those that went before.

We are fully aware of some of the defects in the present number, many that, if it had been possible, would not be present; but the peculiar nature of our position has entailed certain alterations not entirely in accordance with our views, and the same necessity has prevented other improvements that we should have desired—“Καὶ πλείστον ἀψάμενος λόγων χρεῖσσον οὐδὲν Ἀνάγκας ἡῦρον.”

THE QUARTO no longer bears on its cover the erroneous statement that appeared on those of its predecessors, for the endeavour to bring out quarterly numbers has been definitely abandoned, as, although it would be easy to publish volumes at frequent intervals were the requisite quantity our only aim, yet, as we have other ends in view, this is no longer the case.

We have made it our object in this issue to publish as much students' work as possible, and in order to widen the field of interest and to escape the censure incurred by narrow sympathies, we have inserted a few drawings from divers leading Schools of Art.

The head masters of Liverpool and Birmingham have been kind enough to contribute work, as also masters and students from South Kensington, Lambeth, and the Académie Carmon.

The frontispiece promised in the last number appears in this, and we are again indebted to Mr. Hollyer for the right to reproduce from his photograph, and to J. S. Virtue & Co., Ltd., for the loan of the two original wood blocks, from which we print "Daniel's Prayer," of Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., and "The Parable of the Boiling Pot," of Sir E. Burne-Jones.

Our thanks are also especially due to Mr. F. Vango Burridge for his etching from the copper itself, and to—

THE REV. JAMES BELL,  
MR. HENRY CHILD CARTER,  
MR. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON,  
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MISS LOUISE SINGTON,  
MR. T. STAATS,  
MR. AYMER VALLANCE,

MR. W. H. YOUNG,

who have so kindly contributed to the present number.

J. BERNARD HOLBORN.





DANIEL'S PRAYER.

SIR EDWARD J.

POYNTER, P.R.A.









## NEUER FRUHLING.

*(Translated from the German by T. STAATS.)*



HERE lived a King in the days gone by,  
His heart was heavy, his locks were grey ;  
A poor old King who wedded  
A maiden young and gay.

There lived a Page in the days gone by,  
Golden his locks and blithe his mien ;  
With grace the silken train he bore  
Of his mistress and his Queen.

Have you heard it, the sorrowful story,  
Like a song that is tender and low,  
How they loved, and suffered, and died ?  
They loved too well, long ago.

HEINE.





*Allegro: con fuoco* The foun-tains min-gle with the riv-er And the riv-ers with the o-cean The

*sfz* *cantabile*

*Con Pedal*

*rit* *a tempo* winds of heav-en mix for ev-er With a sweet with a sweet e-motion No-thing in the world is

*a tempo* *rit*

*sf con fuoco* *ff rit* sin-gle All things by a law di-vine In one an-others being min-gle Why not I with

*Ben marcato* *sfz* *rit*



# LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

11

*1<sup>st</sup> time* *last time* *Fine* *Mens mosso*

thine thine *Fine* See the moun-tains kiss high heav-en And the waves clasp one an-

*Mens mosso* *sotto voce*

other No sister flower would be for-giv-en If it disdained its bro- ther & the sun-light clasps the

*mf*

earth And the moon-beams kiss the sea What are all these kissings worth What are all these

*con anima* *cres e poco a poco accel:*

kiss-ings worth What are all these kiss-ings worth If thou kiss not me

*f* *Da capo* *Da capo* *p* *rit*

*Ben marcato il basso*





THE LEGEND OF  
FRA ANGELICO  
AND THE ANGELS.  
R. SPENCE, A.R.E.











## EMERSON IN THE MAKING.



HAT a "poet is born, not made" is either a truism or a fallacy. It is a fallacy if we exclude from the *making* of a poet the qualities which belong to him by inheritance, supposing him to be a mere production of chance; it is a truism if we only mean that no amount of manipulation from the outside can communicate "the vision and the faculty divine" to a man who has it not by right of birth. Towards the making of a poet everything contributes. His very birth is a making, not simply an unforeseen and happy accident: an implanting in him of original tendencies and impulses which, under the manifold education of life, will issue at length in poetic achievements. He is made alike by nature and experience; becomes a poet by means of inborn faculty and acquired culture. What he receives at birth is only a part—if an all-essential part—of his equipment; but even that part has to be trained, supplemented, developed, if it is to emerge at last into the completeness of successful production. And this is true of every real artist, whatever be the medium in which he works. Nature starts him on his course, making him a possible artist, but the process remains to be completed amid the varied disciplines of life. The making of him includes everything through which he becomes capable



of fulfilling his proper vocation—his hereditary tone and disposition of mind, his moral temperament, his unfolding under the influences that awaken him to an accurate knowledge of himself and his mission in the world.

Emerson had a firm belief in heredity. "How shall a man escape from his ancestors?" is one of his unanswerable questions. "People," said he, "are born with the moral or with the material bias." He saw that a man owes much to his ancestors, and that the stock from which a man springs must be taken account of in any reasonable explanation of his life. How we enter on this earthly existence, with all its possibilities of development, has a perdurable influence upon the ultimate issues of character. All do not begin alike or abreast—each with the feet neatly toeing the same line, with an equally clear background and foreground. Some are weakened before their birth, handicapped from the beginning by the indulgences or vices of their parents; and, at the best, their careers are summed up in a weary and often baffling struggle with a vitiated nature, an inveterate proneness to irregularity and self-indulgence. Is it a wonder that a surrender, more or less deplorable, is frequently made to an enemy almost invincible—a foe entrenched within the citadel of the breast? Many a man—many a radiant son of genius, many a master of song—has been foredoomed to earthly ruin by his ancestors, who in their persons weakened the grounds of moral resistance in their successors. An indulged frailty in the will, a pampered vice in the blood, a softening of the moral fibre by unworthy compliance, has blighted many a nobly-gifted nature, the blame of which does not all rest upon one unfortunate man. How often has some disorder in the physical organization unhinged the balance of the mind, obscured the moral sense, jarred the fine music of the soul, and rendered impossible the attainment here of anything like real harmony of being. Not a few in all literatures bear witness to this sorrowful fact. In their several ways, Swift and Burns, Cowper and Byron, Landor and Coleridge, were hampered by influences either ancestral or personal, in the course of their development; and though they were able in literature to do great things, yet they themselves never reached here their due repose and harmony of character.

But Emerson had to struggle with no such inner warpings, perversities,

obstructions. Uncommonly fortunate in his ancestry, in his combination of personal qualities, he began life with a body and soul that accorded well. It was no merit of his that the physical, the intellectual, and the moral, harmonized so finely in him—that the various elements in him were so graciously and sweetly mixed; but none the less he was enabled thereby to begin auspiciously his career, and to realise the best uses of his life with, perhaps, the minimum amount of inward struggle. Some complain that his mood was too uniformly an unreasoning habit of optimism, too genially serene and sunny, for him to understand the darker and more strenuous experiences of human life; the lonelier trials and the severer pains through which so many have to fight their way. No doubt, from certain points of view, there is something well-grounded in this complaint. He best knows struggle and suffering who has felt them himself; he can most feelingly sympathise with others in a like case. Difficulties there were which Emerson knew little or nothing about; some dark plague-spots were hidden from his eyes, perhaps because he looked at man and the world in too bright a light. He had, like others, the defect of his qualities; his very excellence had its inevitable limitations. Still, let us beware of drawing from this an inference too wide and sweeping. Those who take the gloomiest view of life are not necessarily the nearest to the truth; they have their own form of one-sidedness. Pessimism has a fallacy of its own. The deeper problems of the moral world are not the exclusive property of the pessimist. Certain serene souls, just because of their very serenity, see them in the commonplaces of existence, and discover meanings hidden from others. To the class of serene and bright natures Emerson belonged—a see-er of visions, a hearer of voices, a thinker of thoughts, which never come to a man but in the central quiet and surrender of the soul.

Emerson was descended from men who, to an unusual degree, united in themselves scholarship and conduct. They were at once students and workers; they united the love of books to a passion for duty. Emerson had flowing in his veins some of the best Puritan blood; in his character, behind all its outward graciousness, there was a Puritan toughness of fibre. The base of his moral nature and his moral principles was Puritan. Archbishop Laud laboured, according to his lights, for the good of a New England across the seas. In trying to repress freedom of worship at home,



he caused those who would not be coerced to seek another country where they might worship God in their own way. Some of the sturdiest men then living in England—men of strong minds, resolute temper, full of faith in spiritual things—went over the Atlantic Ocean to Massachusetts; and among the worthiest and most learned of those men, who for conscience' sake left their fatherland, was one Peter Bulkeley, Rector of Woodhill or Odell in Bedfordshire, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. He came in 1634 with a faithful band of followers to Boston, Massachusetts. Some time in 1635 he gained permission from the Governor and General Court of the colony to found a township in the wilderness towards the west. The place chosen by this pioneer of civilization and his allies was known to the Indians as Musketaquid—a name which still appears at the head of one of Emerson's finest poems; but the colonists re-named the place, calling it Concord, and as Concord it remains to this day. Peter Bulkeley, the leader and father of his people, the founder of the now famous Concord, became, through the marriage of his grand-daughter with Joseph Emerson, pioneer minister of Mendon, the ancestor of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Sage of Concord.

The Emersons had been, it seems, of some note originally in Durham or Yorkshire. Some of them were drawn, as by natural taste and aptitude, to the work of the Christian ministry. About the same time as Peter Bulkeley, one Thomas Emerson set off to the west, and settled at length in Ipswich, Massachusetts, as a baker and farmer. He was the father of the Reverend Joseph Emerson of Mendon, who married the granddaughter of the founder of Concord. Their son, Edward, became a merchant in Charlestown, near Boston, and took to wife Rebecca Waldo, "from whom," says one of her descendants, "came that beloved name into the family." Rebecca, daughter of one Cornelius Waldo, introduced a new strain of character as well as a new name to enrich the Emersonian stock. From Edward the merchant onwards, all the forefathers of Ralph Waldo were in the ministry, to which they turned as by natural disposition and attraction—men as poor in goods as they were strong in soul; and one of them, Emerson's grandfather, was minister of the Concord Church at the outbreak of the War of Independence. The "Old Manse," so familiar to every reader of Hawthorne, was built for him, and from it he witnessed the

first struggle of the Revolution. Near by was the famous bridge, for the possession of which royalist and rebel fought hard, and the contest for which Emerson afterwards celebrated in verse:—

“ By the rude bridge that arch'd the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurl'd,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

From his quiet manse, William Emerson, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo, saw the battle by the bridge. He was a patriot as well as a preacher; and much of the enthusiasm that inspired “the embattled farmers” was due to his patriotic zeal and eloquence. The old Puritan militancy asserted itself in him once more. He joined the Revolutionary army, and preached to the soldiers. A fever, however, soon cut short his life, and his ardent spirit passed away from the noise and tumult of war “to where beyond these voices there is peace.” His son, William, who was left a mere child at his death, became the father of the Emerson with whom we are here specially concerned. The father of Ralph Waldo, according to all accounts, was a remarkable man—a well-read scholar, a fine preacher, a man of wide and genial sympathies, one of the leaders in the higher thought and life of New England.

It has been said that “alike in the history of his family and in the history of New England thought, do we find the sources of Emerson's culture. The Emerson family were intellectual, eloquent, with a strong individuality of character, and robust and vigorous in their thinking.” Emerson was exceptionally fortunate in his ancestry—in his descent from a succession of men who, in many ways, were enriched with the best intellectual culture of their times, and who had as strongly cultivated their moral nature. Some of them were true leaders of their fellows, alike in action and in thought. Puritan fervour and conscientiousness, the shrewdness of practical life, the softness and poetry of the mystic, the manifold results in character transmitted from father to son by a select succession of men who cultivated faithfully the best that was in them, entered into the rich inheritance of Emerson. “His mother's family,” one of his biographers observes, “were noted for a remarkable spirituality of temperament, for great religious zeal, and were naturally



Mystics or Pietists. The intellectuality and moral vigour of the one family, and the devoutness and mysticism of the other, were both inherited by Emerson." Hence, we may say, the Puritan minister and merchant, the Waldensian and the Mystic, contributed each something to make him what he became. In him were combined and harmonized, with a finer beauty and a richer grace, the Puritan and the Pietist. He inherited much of his training; much was done for him by the men and women who preceded him. He began life like one that enters into possession of the well-invested wealth of his forefathers, and into command of far more than his own unaided efforts could ever have acquired. Emerson somewhere expresses the conviction that in "different hours a man represents each of several of his ancestors, as if there were seven or eight of us rolled up in each other's skin—seven or eight ancestors at least—and they constitute the variety of notes for that new piece of music which his life is." And, in the spirit of Emerson, and carrying out a little further his thought, we may say—blessed is he who never undoes the good which has come to him from the past, but who carries it out to larger and finer issues.

The influences that went to form the character and train the powers of Emerson were of the best from first to last. Not always of an agreeable sort, sometimes bringers of pain, they were such as served to reach and elicit the good in him. It was Emerson's happiness to have grown up under the care and inspiration of certain women who were as noble as any then living in New England. He was ever finely chivalrous towards true women; never wavered in his reverential esteem for them. A good woman never despairs of the ideal right—that was one of his characteristic sayings; it expressed his sense of the value of the good women who had so lovingly tended and shaped his earliest years. First, there was his mother who knew how to train her children—how to clothe authority with attractiveness, making obedience attractive and easy to them. And yet hers was a difficult position. In 1811 her husband died, and she was left to be both father and mother to her family. But, happily, she proved herself equal to the task imposed upon her. She did not sit down in a mood of useless lamentation, but girded herself to her duty in a spirit of Spartan single-mindedness and courage. Oftentimes hard work was hers to manage things wisely and well, so that her children might lose nothing in

the way of a sound education, and thereby be enabled to carry on the high traditions they had inherited from their forefathers. How well she succeeded, the virtues and careers of her sons supply the most convincing testimony. Mrs. Emerson, however, was not left altogether alone at the head of her household; she availed herself, not seldom, of the help and counsel of her husband's sister, Mary Moody Emerson, who seems to have been a very remarkable woman, possessing unusual culture and intellectual power. Emerson's aunt exercised an immense influence upon the training of his character, the unfolding of his mind. He declared "her influence upon his education to have been as great as that of Greece or Rome." She had in her something of the Emersonian genius; was a sayer of pungent, pithy, rememberable things. For instance: "Our civilization is not always mending our poetry. It is sauced and spiced with our complexity of arts and inventions, but lacks somewhat of the grandeur that belongs to a Doric and unphilosophical age. . . . It is a goodly name for our notions of breathing, suffering, enjoying, acting. We call it by every name of fleeting, dreaming, vapping imagery. Yet it is nothing. We exist in eternity. Dissolve the body and the night is gone, the stars are extinguished, and we measure duration by the number of our thoughts, by the activity of reason, the discovery of truths, the acquirement of virtue, the approach to God." It was surely no common woman who could write in this strain, with such combined energy of imagination and thought. Her nephew called her a great genius and a remarkable writer. "She gave high counsel," he said. "It was the privilege of certain boys to have this immeasurably high standard indicated to their childhood; a blessing which nothing else in education could supply." Another woman of exceptional merit influenced permanently the young Emerson. Her name was Sarah Bradford, the intimate friend of Mary Moody Emerson. She was a good classical scholar, and also versed in the literature and philosophy of her own time. From the time of Ralph Waldo's entrance into the Latin School, "she accompanied," it is said, "his entire progress in culture, and to the last was the intimate friend of his thought." At her instigation and under her encouragement, he translated Virgil, and grew into an acquaintance with some of the real intellectual leaders of the world. His saying in after years that the student should, above all things, cultivate an intimate



knowledge of the great masters who are not subject to the changing fashions of a season, but who reign on the immortal kings of thought, seems to have been suggested by his experience at this time. Emerson, even in boyhood, went back to the great writers of the past, nursing his mind on Plato and Montaigne, Shakespeare and Milton. The soul within him awoke early; he was drawn to the best thoughts of the best minds from his youth. Much of his making he owed to those sagacious women who led him with their sympathy and love, exercising over him a nameless charm.

Emerson was next brought into touch with the persuasive personality of Dr. Channing, one of the saints of his time, whose life stood out as an example and justification of faith. He always felt it a privilege to have known the spiritual genius of such a man, to have responded to his inspiration. The preaching and conversation of Channing were to him, in themselves, an education, a means to discover some of the secrets of the soul. Channing's conviction of the essential spirituality of man, his confidence in the higher reason, his appeal to the noblest instincts, anticipated some of the characteristic features of Emerson's own thought, confirmed some of his intuitions; and though Emerson, in the years to come, passed beyond the great preacher, he never outgrew or forgot his early obligations to the teacher of his youth. He always revered the memory of Channing. "The charm of his preaching," said Emerson, "is not to be discovered by reading his sermons; whenever he spoke it seemed to an occasion; the heart of his audience rose to meet him; here was something sufficient; the multitude found it good to be there, and went away fed, satisfied."

In 1817 Emerson became a student of Harvard College. Edward Everett was then Professor of Greek. He had recently returned from Europe to undertake the duties of the Greek Chair, and was at the height of his reputation, a wonder and a delight to the eager students. For some years he had lived in Germany, then the headquarters of speculative thought; and he was one of the first to introduce to New England the new German philosophy, and begin the transcendental movement. Emerson was enthusiastic in his admiration of Everett. It is said that he was "in the habit of going from one Boston church to another inquiring for Everett, and so managed to hear him every week."

Meanwhile Emerson continued to read widely in literature, though he was always more of a discursive than a systematic reader. He delighted in roaming abroad, gathering what suited him in all fields. Choice in his likings, he went out in search of the best, and treasured up the select utterances of thought. But while attentive to the great classics, the lights that shine on unquenchable through the night of time, he did not neglect the best literature of the day. A Book Club was formed among the students of Harvard for the purpose of receiving the leading books and magazines; and in any effort to quicken thought, to enlarge the mental horizon, Emerson was sure to take a part. He came thus under the sway of influences that moved him deeply, and bore him onwards into fresh realms of experience. The new spirit which, embodied most markedly perhaps in Wordsworth and Coleridge, had passed into English literature, began to make itself felt in New England as well as elsewhere. Coleridge, whom Emerson ranked with the sages of the world, was the apostle in England of the transcendental philosophy of Germany. "I am reading," says Emerson in one of his letters, "Coleridge's *Friend* with great interest. . . . He has a tone a little lower than greatness, but what a living soul, what a universal knowledge!" In these days we think more of the Coleridge who chanted *The Rhyme of The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* and a few other exquisite poems, than of the Coleridge who wrote the *Friend*; but, in Emerson's younger days, the drift of opinion was mainly otherwise. Coleridge, the expounder of idealism and transcendentalism, fascinated with his dreamy eloquence those who, weary of the older materialistic philosophy, were yearning towards a more spiritual interpretation of life and history, the world and man. The transcendental thoughts and visions of the English seer stirred the souls of young men, sick of the materialism of the age, not in this country alone, but also in the streets of Boston, in the class-rooms of Harvard, in the churches of New England. The more thoughtful were ready to listen to the latest oracles of speculative genius, to receive the new philosophic gospel. Real listeners might be few in number, but they were intensely in earnest, enthusiastic in their anticipations of the coming of a better time.

And William Wordsworth also, the poet and high-priest of Nature, began to make his power felt in English poetry, calling it abroad to



“fresh woods and pastures new.” His voice was like the awakening of a new sense in the poetic mind, the unsealing of a long-hidden fountain in the poetic heart. In his best work, he spoke like a prophet new-inspired; like one in whose veins ran the ichor of a new springtime. Before that “inward eye which is the bliss of solitude” the face of Nature flashed like a shield; the veil that hides from the great majority the deeper meanings of the common earth was drawn aside. Every object he looked on spoke to him a language which he knew how to interpret. He found a new world, not beyond, but *within* the old world; saw Divine ongoing in the fields, the woods, the streams; and felt as none had ever felt before,

“The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

Though he sang his prophetic strains in the ears of many that either heard not at all or heard amiss, yet, here and there, in this country and in America, were a few select souls who listened to the poet's voice with a new sense of joy, caught the inspiration of its prophecy, and walked for ever afterwards in the strength of a higher life, in the dewy freshness of a brighter day. And one of those few select souls was Ralph Waldo Emerson in the England across the seas. He assimilated the real message of Wordsworth to the age—his new attitude towards Nature, his intuition of the essential dignity and worth of man as man. Much in Wordsworth was congenial to Emerson, and awoke in him the response of a kindred mind. His poetic theories touched him little, but he caught the luminous glow, the chastened passion, the serene outlook on life, of the great Cumbrian's noblest verse. To him Wordsworth was a revealer of realities behind the passing shows of sense and time: a voice speaking to a perplexed generation a message of ideal power and peace, confirming and purifying his faith in the super-sensible certainties of the soul. Thus was Emerson being led to find himself and his mission in the world.

JAMES BELL.



A SONG TO SPRING.

W. C. CHETWOOD-AIKEN.





## AUBADE TO SUZON.

(Translated by AYMER VALLANCE from the French of GEORGES ROCHER.)



HE wood is full, and trembles long  
With kisses warm and matin-song;  
New-born another day behold!  
Awake, Suzette, unclosethine eyes,  
The bold sun thy retreat defies,  
Flecking thy window-panes with gold.

Already in the shadowy ways,  
Midmost the jasmine's tangled maze,  
Butterflies drop on jaded wing;  
And in the fields, where sweet-briars grow,  
The apple-blossoms shed their snow,  
The earth with silver garnishing.

Why doth thy sleep so late endure?  
Cannot the spring thy soul allure,  
When fresh the breath of zephyr blows?  
Is thine ear deaf, which never heeds  
How the birds, nestled in the reeds,  
For thee their choicest songs compose?

Beneath a sky of molten light,  
To greet thine eyes' awakening sight,  
The rose hath donned its dawn-bright dress;  
But closed the lilies still remain,  
For to open, should thine hand refrain  
From gathering, were but purposeless.

The thrush, of vain awaiting tired,  
Eftsoons will stay his note inspired;  
E'en passion palls, being well-nigh spent.  
Look up, to illuminate, Suzette,  
The horizon of the world, which yet,  
Lacking thy smile, is ill-content.





## AUBADE TO SUZON.

(Translated by AYMER VALLANCE from the French of GEORGES ROCHER.)



THE wood is full, and trembles long  
With kisses warm and matin-song;  
New-born another day behold!  
Awake, Suzette, unclose thine eyes,  
The bold sun thy retreat defies,  
Flecking thy window-panes with gold.

Already in the shadowy ways,  
Midmost the jasmine's tangled maze,  
Butterflies drop on jaded wing;  
And in the fields, where sweet-briars grow,  
The apple-blossoms shed their snow,  
The earth with silver garnishing.

Why doth thy sleep so late endure?  
Cannot the spring thy soul allure,  
When fresh the breath of zephyr blows?  
Is thine ear deaf, which never heeds  
How the birds, nestled in the reeds,  
For thee their choicest songs compose?

Beneath a sky of molten light,  
To greet thine eyes' awakening sight,  
The rose hath donned its dawn-bright dress;  
But closed the lilies still remain,  
For to open, should thine hand refrain  
From gathering, were but purposeless.

The thrush, of vain awaiting tired,  
Eftsoons will stay his note inspired;  
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Look up, to illuminate, Suzette,  
The horizon of the world, which yet,  
Lacking thy smile, is ill-content.





TUDY OF TWO CHIL-  
DREN. GEORGE  
CLAUSEN, A.R.A.









## A CRAZY TALE.

“ Hey, diddle, diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon.”



It is incredible, but true, that a young man sat opposite me in a restaurant and spoke as is hereafter set down.

He was a tall, spare man, carefully dressed in a formal frock-coat and silk hat. His tone was low and casual, his manner simple and very slow, and his bleak blue eyes never changed. Anyone just out of earshot of the words would have supposed that he was describing, in a rather leisurely way, an opera or a cycling tour. I alone heard the words; and ever since that day I have gone about ready for the Apocalypse, expecting the news of some incalculable revolution in human affairs. For I know that we have reached a new era in the history of our planet: the creation of a second Adam.

He spoke as follows, between the puffs of a cigar:—

“ I do not ask anyone to believe this story. Only in some wild hour of



a windy night, when we could believe anything, when the craziest of a knot of old wives is wiser than all the schools of reason, when the blood is lawless and the brain dethroned, when we could see the windmills grind the wind, and the sea drag the moon, the apple-tree grow lemons, and the cow lay eggs, as in a wild half-holiday of nature; then, in the ear and hoarsely, let this tale be told.

“When my story begins, I was walking in a still green place. The words sound strange and abrupt even in my own ears; but there is a reason for their abruptness.

“At that point the record of my life breaks off. The day, hour, or second before some stunning blow, some tremendous event befell me, and I awoke without a memory.

“Of the lost knowledge thus sealed within me I have a kind of half-witted fear. I move trembling in the close proximity of something huge, yet hidden in the darkness of my brain. Only of two things I am convinced. The first is, that this event, which I cannot recall, was the greatest of my life; that all my after adventures, wild as they were, were dwarfed in its unapproachable presence. The second comes of a certain hour, when suddenly, and for a second, the veil was lifted and I knew all. It had gone in a flash, but I am profoundly convinced that if I tell to another all the circumstances that led up to that instantaneous revelation, to him also, as he studies them, the words will suddenly give up their meaning, and their simplicity strike him with an awful laughter.

“This, then, is the story.

“The greenness, that I walked like one in a dream, stretched away on all sides to the edges of the sky. Sleepily, I let my eyes fall and woke, with a stunning thrill, to clearness. I stood shrunken with the shock, clutching myself in the smallest compass.

“Every inch of the green place was a living thing, a spire or tongue, rooted in the ground, but alive. Away to the skyline I could not see the ground for those fantastic armies. The silence deafened me with a sense of busy eating, working, and breeding. I thought of that multitudinous life, and my brain reeled.

“Treading fearfully amid the growing fingers of the earth, I raised my eyes, and at the next moment shut them, as at a blow. High in the empty

air blazed and streamed a great fire, which burnt and blinded me every time I raised my eyes to it. I have lived many years now under this meteor of a fixed Apocalypse, but I have never survived the feelings of that moment. Men eat and drink, buy and sell, marry, are given in marriage, and all the time there is something in the sky at which they cannot look. They must be very brave.

"Again, a little while after, as in one of the changes in a dream, I found myself looking at something standing in the fields, something which looked at first like a man, and then like two men, and then like two men joined, till, after dizzy turning and tramping round it like the searching of a maze, I found it was some great abortion of nature with two legs at each end, calmly cropping the grass under the staring sun. I have said that I ask no one to believe this story.

"So I travelled, along a road of portents, like undeciphered parables. There was no twilight as in a dream; everything was clear cut in the sunlight, standing out in defiant plainness and infantile absurdity. All was in simple colours, like the landscape of a child's alphabet, but to a child who had not learnt the meaning.

"At one time I seemed to come to the end of the earth: to a place where it fell into space. A little beyond, the land re-commenced, but between the two I looked down into the sky. As I bent over I saw another bending over under me, hanging head downwards in those fallen heavens, a little child with round eyes. It was some strange mercy of God assuredly that the child did not fall far into hopeless eternity."

The young man paused reflectively. I tried to say "a pool," but the word would not come. I seemed to have forgotten it. I seemed to have forgotten everything except his terrible blue eyes, big with unsupportable significance. Then I realised that he was speaking again. "I heard a great noise out of the sky, and I turned and saw a giant. Stories and legends there are of those who, in the morning of the world, strayed also into the borders of the land of giants. But it is impossible for any tongue to utter the overpowering sense of anarchy and portent felt in seeing so much of the landscape moving upon two legs, of looking up and seeing a face like my own, colossal, filling the heavens.

"He lifted me like a flying bird through space and set me upon his



shoulder. I shall never forget the sight of his huge bare features growing larger as I came nearer to them ; the sun shining on them as they smiled and smiled : a sight to give one dreams."

The young man paused again. I seemed to feel the whole sane universe of custom and experience slipping from me, and with an effort like a drowning man's I cried out desperately. "But it was a man—it was your father."

He raised his eyebrows, as at a coincidence. "So they said," he observed. "Do you know what it means?"

I found myself broken and breathless, as Job might have been, battered with the earthquake questions of Omniscience.

He went on, smoking slowly.

"With the giant was a woman. When I saw her something stirred within me like the memory of a previous existence. And after I had lived some little while with them, I began to have an idea of what the truth must be. Instead of killing me, the giant and giantess fed and tended me like servants. I began to understand that in that lost epic of adventures which led up to the greatest event of my life, I must have done some great service for these good people. What it was, I had, by a quaint irony, myself forgotten. But I loved to see it shining with inscrutable affection in the woman's eyes like the secret of the stars. There are few things more beautiful than gratitude.

"One day, as I stood beside her knee, she spoke to me ; but I was speechless. A new and dreadful fancy had me by the throat. The woman was smaller than before. The house was smaller : the ceiling was nearer. Heaven and earth, even to the remotest star, were closing in to crush me.

"The next moment I had realised the truth, fled from the house, and plunged into the thickets like a thing possessed. A disease of transformation too monstrous for a nightmare had quickened within me. I was growing larger and larger whether I would or no.

"I rolled in the gravel, revolving wild guesses as to whether I should grow to fill the sky, a giant with my head in heaven, bewildered among the golden plumage of Cherubim. This, as a matter of fact, I never did.

"It will always fill me with awe to think that no sign or premonition

gave me warning of what I saw next. I merely raised my eyes—and saw it.

“Within a few feet of me was kneeling one of my own size, a little girl with big blue eyes and hair black as crows.

“The landscape behind her was the same in every hedge and tree as that I had left: yet I felt sure I had come into a new world.

“I had got to my feet and made her a kind of bow, looking a fantastic figure enough; but a red star came into her cheek.

“‘Why you are quite nice,’ she said.

“I looked at her enquiringly.

“‘They say you are the mad boy,’ she said, ‘who stares at everything. But I think I like them mad.’

“I said nothing. I only stood up straight, and thanked God for every turn of my rambling path through that elvish topsey-turveydom, which had led at length to this. Although I had not asked for a miracle in answer, two or three drops of clear water fell out of the open sky.

“‘There will be a storm,’ cried the girl hastily.

“She seemed quite frightened of the dark that had come over the wood, and the shocks of sound that shook the sky now and again. This fear surprised me, for she had not seemed afraid of the grass.

“She seemed so broken with the noise and dark and driving rain that I put my arm round her. As I did so, something new came over me: a feeling less alien and disturbed, more responsible and strangely strong; as if I had inherited a trust and privilege. For the first time I felt a kinship with the monstrous landscape; I knew that I had been sent to the right place.

“‘You are very brave,’ she said, as the deafening skies seemed bowed about us and shouting in our ears; ‘Do you not hear it?’

“‘I hear the daisies growing,’ I said.

“Her answer was lost in the thunder.

“We were miles further on before she said, ‘But are you not mad?’

“I spoke; but it seemed as if another spoke in my ear.

“‘I am the first that ever saw the world. Prophets and sages there have been, out of whose great hearts came schools and churches. But I am the first that ever saw a dandelion as it is.’



“Wind and dark rain swept round, swathing in a cloud the place of that awful proclamation.”

The young man paused once more. Some one near me moved his chair against mine. I remember with what a start I realised that I was in a crowded room; not in a desert with an insane hermit.

“But you have not told me,” I said, “of the great moment: when you seemed to have discovered all.”

“It is soon told,” he said. “Ten years afterwards the girl and I stood in one room together: we were man and wife. Other men and women went in and out, all of my own stature. There were no more giants; it was as though I had dreamed of them. I seemed to have come back among my own people.

“Just then my wife, who was bending over a kind of couch, lifted a coverlet, and I saw that for which, haply, I have been sent to this fantastic borderland of things.

“It was a little human creature hardly bigger than a bird. And when I saw it, I—knew everything. I knew what was the greatest event of my life: the event I had forgotten.”

I said “Being born” in a low voice.

I did not dare to look at his face.

The next consciousness I had was that he had risen to his feet, and was putting on his gloves very carefully.

I sprang erect also and spoke quickly.

“What does it mean? Are you a man? What thing are you? Are you a savage, or a spirit, or a child? You wear the dress and speak the language of a cultivated pupil of this over-cultivated time: yet you see everything as if you saw it for the first time. What does it mean?”

After a silence he spoke in his quiet way.

“Have you ever said some simple word over and over till it became unmeaning, a scrap of an unknown tongue, till you seem to be opening and shutting your mouth with a cry like an animal’s? So it is with the great world in which we live: it begins familiar: it ends unfamiliar. When first men began to think and talk and theorise and work the world over and over with phrases and associations, then it was involved and fated, as a psychological necessity, that some day a creature should be produced,

corresponding to the twentieth pronunciation of the word, a new animal with eyes to see and ears to hear; with an intellect capable of performing a new function never before conceived truly; thanking God for his creation. I tell you religion is in its infancy; dervish and anchorite, Crusader and Ironside, were not fanatical enough, or frantic enough, in their adoration. A new type has arrived. You have seen it."

He moved towards the door. Then I noticed he had come to a standstill again, and was gazing at the floor apparently in deep thought.

"I have never understood them," he said. "Those two creatures I see everywhere, stumping along the ground, first one and then the other. I have never been content with the current explanation that they were my feet."

And he passed out, still carefully buttoning his gloves.

I went back to the table and sat down. About four minutes after he was gone I felt a kind of mental shock, like something resuming its place in my brain.

It occurred to me that the man was mad. I am almost ashamed to admit with what suddenness it came. For so long as I was in his presence, I had believed him and his whole attitude to be sane, normal, complete, and that it was the rest, the whole human race, that were half-witted, since the making of the world.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.





UR "DIGS." F.

VANGO BUR-

RIDGE, R.E.









PAUL WOODROFFE.

"He arose and did beat his drum.  
No noise was ever heard upon earth  
More terrible."

*Bunyan's "Holy War."*







"HOOKING ON THE EXTRA."

M. M. FISHER.





## A POET'S THEORY OF POETRY.



English are a conceited people. Our standard of sanity—and we hold it no whit less absolute than the infinite itself—is the English mind. We can afford—so in the naughtiness of our pride we think—to smile with chivalrous generosity upon the foibles of the nations, for are we not Englishmen, are we not the pioneers of civilised thought? It is not for us to wax indignant if the world is hard of heart and slow to welcome our instruction. Indignation! Nay, rather pity, or, if so be, contempt. If France hates us, if its press defames us, call it not perversity, but folly. If Germany and Russia impede our schemes of cosmopolitan philanthropy,—if the red tape of their bureaucracy holds Europe back and will not let us lead her where we would,—grant them indulgence; they are slow to learn. We must expect to find eccentricity in all people save ourselves, for we only are sane.

This faculty of judging others by the standard of our own wits, and of feeling charitable scorn for all defaulters, is shown especially in the way we regard our kinsmen of the States. No doubt the faculty is one which has contributed largely to our national distinction: self-confidence was ever necessary to success. But who will deny that it warps our judgment? From not being surprised when we find what we are pleased to look upon as national insanity, we come to be surprised when we do not find it—then to find it when it is not there. It is the Englishman's way to find that for which he looks—where he looks for it—in the teeth of a score of *alibis*. In America more than elsewhere we look for pitiable idiosyncracies, and find them. July 4th, 1776, witnessed a big piece of national eccentricity—such is our tacit assumption, and since then eccentricity is the natural thing to expect of Americans, collectively and individually—nay, “American” is almost synonymous with “eccentric.”



Yes, we are inclined to have it so even in literature. We have our own ideas on the subject of literary merit, and they are not to be gainsaid. And hence it is that we too often refuse American writers a fair reading. We allow to many of them originality, but an originality of which we are suspicious, the sort of originality that we associate with strait-waistcoats and padded rooms. "Notions which the electric condition of the very atmosphere seems to evoke from the American brain" (a random quotation)—that is the tone in which we think and speak and sometimes write of it.

Among other distinguished trans-Atlantic writers there is one in particular of whom our appreciation has been blighted by this lamentable mode of thinking. Edgar Allan Poe—poet, romancer, critic, philosopher—is recognised by his own countrymen as a writer of rare genius, a judgment which not even Lowell's scathing satire could reverse. By the English-reading public he is known and admired as the author of two, perhaps three poems familiar as any in our language. For the rest we have not taken him seriously, and this for the simple reason that we have not brought to his work the presumption without which we can do no writer justice—the presumption of his sanity. We read his tales, perhaps, for our amusement (and rightly, they were written to amuse), and we skip or make merry over the philosophising they contain as unworthy of a moment's serious thought. The rest of him we leave unread, or only glanced at. We know he wrote two or three deliciously melodious poems; if we took the trouble to look further we should find their number many times as great as we suppose. Few have read his essays on the theory of poetry, few, perhaps, know of their existence; yet it is cheerful to notice that during the last two years more than one new edition of Poe's complete works have been offered to the world. Complaint has been made—by an English critic, of course—that the collection is so scrupulously entire, that no judicious selection—by some English editor, no doubt—has been made. Let us rather rejoice: there are still some who judge Poe's reflections and criticisms to be of value.

Why is Poe thought to be a writer only for an idle hour? One is told that he is morbid, introspective, and egoistical. Granted that these epithets imply a literary transgression, the condemnation is severe. But do they imply a transgression? Surely the very interest in his stories to

which we confess, the absorbing exciting delight of them, is due to these very qualities for which he is arraigned. He captivates us by telling his tale in the mood of self-analysis in which philosophy lives; then we turn upon him and say that, though he has enthralled us, this mood of introspection is unhealthy; he is only playing with the jargon of philosophy, as a real thinker he has no claim upon our attention. We confess, again, "The Philosophy of Composition," where the process by which "The Raven" was written is unfolded, to be interesting and convincing. Yet it is no less unjust than inconsistent to straightway hold up hands of horror at the profanity of this piece of vivisection. In short, we admire Poe's work for the very weakness which we profess to find in it. We pronounce his analysis and reflection untrue, unhealthy, and worthless, yet this it was that constituted the charm of what we read.

Thus it may be justly maintained that the power and value of Poe's philosophizing is proved by the convincing interest with which it imbues his more familiar writings. And this power proved he at once has a claim to be considered a thinker. But his Theory of Poetry has a further value from other considerations. To begin with, it affords one of the rare instances in which a poet has analysed his own art: the analysis has generally been conducted in the laboratory of professional logicians. Graceful effusions such as Horace's are hardly an exception to the rule. But who rather than the watchmaker has the right to take a watch to pieces and show how, and for what purpose, it was made? Plato would say, no doubt, that the man who uses the instrument must have a better knowledge of its function than the maker, but Plato would find his watch but a poor article if the watchmaker he patronised had not a very definite assurance in his own mind that the object of the thing was to tell the right time! The poet has the best right of all men to speak, if he can, upon the purpose and true nature of a poem.

There may be some prepared to contend that Poe was, after all, only a dabbler in poetry, a pot-boiling journalist who, like most pot-boiling journalists, wrote some poems and a few good ones. Without troubling to refute the too widespread idea that a journalist is, by force of circumstance if not by nature, incapable of writing anything worthy to survive the paper on which it is first printed, we need only point in answer to the judgment



that half a century has passed upon Poe's poetry. Few poets have made so few verses to which to entrust their fame—only about a hundred printed pages. Yet America reckons Poe among the first of the few great poets she has produced. And it can be no contemptible genius that devised the melody of those few songs by which alone, as was said, he is generally known as poet in England. But there are other things, besides the proved merit of his work, which support Poe's claim to speak to us of poetry. From earliest childhood he was a student of verse, ancient and modern. The technicalities of rhythm and versification attracted him with a curious fascination. He worked at the subject with diligent care, and got a grasp over it which probably no other poet has ever troubled to acquire. He investigated the grammarians' system of prosody, and, let Lowell jeer as he will, formulated principles of scansion as valuable as they are ingenious. But in addition to this masterly acquaintance with the material framework upon which the poet has to work, an acquaintance which of itself would never make a poet, he had a poet's enthusiasm and a poet's imagination. A mere glance at his biography will convince anyone of this—a sad enough story indeed, the story of the disproportionate reaction of not very stupendous troubles upon a highly-strung and sensitive mind. Throughout the whole of his short life we find him the toy of the poetic fancy within him—a fancy ever centred in itself, yet finding in that self wild fields of imagination over which to roam, rich storehouses of dreams to gloat upon. Those revellings in the delights of melancholy and the beauty of sadness that led him in boyhood to long nightly vigils at the tomb of a dead friend, and in manhood found vent so often in the mystic imagery of his tales, when poverty denied it the opportunity of finding better forms for its expression, were the outcome and manifestation of a truly poetic soul.

With such material and spiritual equipment Poe combined a devoted reverence for the poet's art—the art in which, as he tells us in a preface of pathetic beauty, he was prevented by events not to be controlled from making any serious effort. "With me poetry," he says, "has been not a purpose but a passion, and the passions must be held in reverence: they must not, they cannot at will be excited with an eye to the paltry compensations or the more paltry commendations of mankind." And Poe was loyal to this declaration of his passion. The prolixity of his prose writing

was forced upon him by the need for daily bread, but he never allowed any sordid hope of gain to desecrate the sanctity of what, had things been as he wished, would have been the field of his choice.

Poe being in this manner a poet, and no mean poet, it is of interest to know what he has to say of the character and purpose of poetry. And if of interest, then of value. For what is to interest but to stir the imagination, or arouse the emotions, or, as in this case, to quicken the thinking powers? And to quicken the thinking powers is to do valuable service. His account is of interest and of value quite apart from the question whether it is the true and exhaustive and final account. It is of interest and value as Poe's theory, not as *the* theory of poetry. Indeed, no one could be foolish enough to contend that any one theory of the purpose of art or any art is exhaustive and final. Every artist, every poet, has his own conception of the end for which he labours, and the conception of each, in so far as he is a real artist and real poet, is so far true of his own work in the ideal. But no one man's conceptions embrace the theory of the whole art in whose service he labours. And who can sum up in a chapter, in a volume, the whole purpose of poetry—"poetry, that Proteus-like idea" (to quote Poe's words), "with as many appellations as the nine-titled Corcyra"?

What, then, is Poe's theory of poetry? To begin with, how does he define it? As "the Rhythmical Creation of Beauty." Beauty is its province. It is an attempt to satisfy an immortal instinct deep within the spirit of man—the sense of the Beautiful. And this, not merely by a mere repetition of the forms and sounds and colours and odours and sentiments which greet and administer to this sense in all mankind, though such repetition is a source of delight. After such repetition, faultlessly done though it be, the poet has yet failed to prove his divine title. "We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of man. It is at once a consequence and an indication of his perennial existence. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the Beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above. . . . The struggle to apprehend the supernal loveliness has given the world all that which it has ever been enabled at once to understand and *to feel* as poetic."

Now this language, taken word by word, may seem ecstatic and



unmeaning, but it is not difficult to grasp the idea which Poe wishes to convey. The business of poetry, as he elsewhere puts it, is to produce an "elevating excitement of the soul." And this elevating excitement is to be achieved by combining with the definite pleasure of appreciated, tangible beauty the indefinite pleasure of suggested and longed-for beauty. To Poe the joy of poetry is what the joy of religion is to the mystic. Poe looked at all things with the eye of a mystic. For him the supreme earthly manifestation of beauty was to be found in sadness, for in sadness lies the potentiality of joy. In this word "potentiality" we have a clue to what Poe means as regards the supernal loveliness. It is in the very struggle after a beauty which we can only vaguely conceive that we are assured of that beauty's reality. It is by creating the longing for a beauty beyond all thought that poetry has to fulfil its task of creating beauty itself.

Now we are struck at once by the height of sentiment as well as the depth of mysticism to which this notion carries us. It has, perhaps, too much of the seventh heaven about it to be possible of appreciation. And Poe would frankly tell us that such appreciation is only possible to "souls fittingly constituted." And in this we may well believe him. In the sphere of music we readily recognise that there are certain "fittingly constituted souls" who can appreciate wonders of sound and dreams of harmony beyond the reach of ordinary men. We dare not deny the reality of the ecstasies of which they speak: we can only wonder and envy. Yet we are not accustomed to recognise anything quite analogous to musical genius in the domain of poetry. We speak occasionally of poetic "inspiration," but the word conveys a very indefinite meaning, and we seldom or never apply it to the faculty for hearing as well as writing poetry. Yet why should we not suppose that such an application is justified? Surely the idea is not ridiculous that an inspiration or genius is required in order to appreciate the thoughts which the poet meant to convey by his poem, analogous to that which is required in order to understand the feelings which the musician meant to convey by his symphony. And so it is not safe to turn contemptuously from Poe's mystical conception of poetic beauty; by so doing we cannot prove that it is nonsense, only that it sounds nonsense to us,—it may be because we are not poetical enough to understand it. We cannot fail to see, however, how far removed is his

conception from the older theory of poetry and art—the theory which is no doubt truer for the ordinary mind, and first formulated by one who was no poet, which makes their function that of selecting and arranging beautiful sensations and presenting them in universal aspects.

Looking again at this definition—the Rhythmical Creation of Beauty—we observe at once that in Poe's conception Rhythm is of the essentials of poetry. This may appear to be a commonplace, and indeed it is an obvious implication of the very word poetry as commonly accepted. A few writers, it is true, a notable American among their number, have produced compositions which dispense with all formal canons of rhythm—retaining of the forms in which poetry is ordinarily clothed only the division into verses—and have called them poems, but the world has been inclined to think it an outrage of the name. But Poe means more by “rhythmical” than the word may be taken necessarily to imply. With it he associates the utmost capacities of the various modes of word-music—metre, rhythm, and rhyme. “It is in music,” he says, “that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal beauty.” Music, then, is of such vast moment in poetry that it can never be wisely rejected.

If this be felt to be an overstatement of the place that music should fill in the poetry of words, it must be remembered that it is no overstatement of Poe's own conception. Most of the satire that has been directed at Poe's poetry has been levelled in reality at the very one-sidedness of aim into which this conception led him. But it is in the light of this conception, with all its one-sidedness, that Poe must be read, if he is to be read appreciatively. He is an exponent, perhaps the greatest exponent, of one side of the poet's art. We may be disappointed that his verses do not sound the profounder depths of human experience, that he does not take us with him in explorations of wider fields of definite thought. He is not, he never wished to be, a prophet among the poets. But if he was not, like greater bards, a master of the harmony of thoughts, he was a master, a consummate master, of the melody of words, and as such he lives and will live. It is hardly necessary to make reference to Poe's poems to exemplify the way in which he gave life in his work to the conception of word-melody that took so large a place in his theory of poetry. The charm of his two



most familiar pieces, "The Raven" and "The Bells," is largely ascribable to the delicious sense of music which they inspire. "The Bells" especially is a pure instance of an effect produced by word-manipulation. There are no profound thoughts, the images are picturesque, sometimes grotesque, but always indefinite: but the melody is exquisite. We might analyse the methods by which this result is achieved. We might point to the regular yet carefully broken cadence of the metre, the imitative ingenuity displayed in the selection of words—sibilants recalling the tinkling of the silver bells, dentals and liquids the mellowness of the golden wedding bells, mutes and sonorous vowels the tolling in the steeple. But, interesting as such analysis might be—and it could be pursued at great length—it is not needed to demonstrate the reality of the melodious effect produced by the poem. This same devotion to melody is illustrated in almost every line of Poe's poetry. The very names which he invents haunt us with their musical beauty—Ligeia, Auber, Lenore.

Turning once more to Poe's definition, we notice that he makes no suggestion that poetry should have an instructive purpose. And that it should have no such purpose is his very emphatic opinion. Its aim is to create beauty, and beauty exists to administer to our capacity for pleasure. The end, then, of poetry, according to our poet, is pleasure. "Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the intellect or with the conscience it has only collateral relations, unless incidentally it has no concern whatever either with duty or with truth." Again—"A poem is opposed to a work of science by having for its *immediate* object pleasure, not truth: to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained." And here again, in passing, he gives another and somewhat clearer expression to the accessory connexion between music and poetry referred to above. "Romance," he says, "presents perceptible images with definite, poetry with *indefinite* sensations, to which end music is an essential, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception." The idea that poetry has no direct relation either to duty or truth is strange in the ears of most of us. The poet has generally been held to be *par excellence* the educator. His work has generally been judged to be that of inculcating and enforcing lessons of truth and duty, from the time when Plato expur-

gated Homer for his ideal state, and swept the tragedians from the field, until the day when James Mill recommended poetry to his precocious child on the ground that there are some things that can be more clearly and emphatically expressed in verse than in prose. Few will doubt that Poe had well-nigh as much more of the poetic in his composition than James Mill as James Mill had less than Plato. So let us see whether there may not be reasonableness in what Poe says. Remember, again, we are considering the conception in the light of which he faithfully worked and attained fame as a poet.

The immediate object of poetry is pleasure. That is his main proposition. And surely this is incontrovertible. For the mere exposition of truth, or instruction in duty, can obviously be more clearly performed and with less chance of misconstruction or ambiguity through the medium of lucid prose. More clearly and with less chance of ambiguity, that will be readily admitted; but, it may be argued, the medium of poetry makes the performance more *forcible*. Why? Surely because poetical expression adds a charm to truth, scientific or moral, which makes its reception grateful and its retention easy. But if this is so, Poe's proposition is admitted. If poetry is good as the instrument of instruction only because of the charm, that is, the power of producing pleasure, which it adds to knowledge, then it is the pleasure which is its *immediate* object, though its ultimate object may be to convey truth. So far Poe's contention is obviously justified. But equally obviously this is not his real contention. For him pleasure was not only the immediate, but the principal and indeed the final object of poetry. Let it do what it will in the matter of imparting truth by the way, but it is in producing the "elevating excitement of the soul"—that pleasure which is the most ethereal, to many the most unreal, yet the most intense—that for him poetry fulfils its purpose. Can we agree with this? As the expression of one among more than one legitimate purpose of poetry, we can. For Poe, as for every artist, his art had *one* end. Each artist may conceive his end differently, may indeed conceive a different end from others. The end of one may be wider and more majestic than that of another. But it is from this unified conception, however framed, that the unified work of each results. In Poe's case the conception was moulded and dominated by the idea of *music*—the supreme pleasure of indefinite emotion.



From another point of view Poe's proposition may be justified. The immediate object of poetry is pleasure. The corollary is inevitable that the greater or the better the pleasure it produces, the more successful the poem. But granted that truth is its final object, even truth can only be held to be a worthy end on the ground that it is itself the source of the highest form of pleasure or happiness (for we are using "pleasure," as Poe does, with no derogatory limitation of its meaning). It is only on the ground of conducement to highest happiness that any final end for poetry or anything else can be maintained. So pleasure or happiness is in any case the really ultimate object. Different conceptions of the true purpose of poetry arise from different opinions as to the highest form of happiness which can be reached by its means. Poe had his own opinion and abode by it in his work : every poet, every critic, is entitled to have his. But no one is entitled to say all true poetry must work at producing the highest happiness it can by one and the same means, whether it be by inculcating truth, or by awakening "a pleasurable excitement of the soul."

By the pertinacity with which he clung to his opinion of the poet's purpose, Poe was no doubt led into extravagance and injustice in his denunciation of what he terms "the metaphysical and didactic heresies." And yet it is hard not to sympathise with much of his invective. We feel instinctively that the poet is not set to teach us in such a way that we shall know that he is teaching. We feel that it is his part to beguile us into wisdom while we think that we are lotus-eating, not to catechise us while we stand with hands behind our backs and shudder at the forced comparison between our ignorance and his omniscience. It is pleasing to picture a ruddy bucolic of the Augustan age following his plough along the Campanian furrows with Vergil's Georgics in his hand, halting perhaps to make occasional reference to a glossary of archaisms neatly appended for his use at the end of the scroll. But even such a sight, with all our reverence for the dignity of labour, would fail to convince us, if we knew it not already, that Vergil had justly won the poet's meed of honour. And in the century that worships Intellect and bows before the throne of Science we feel a sneaking gratitude to one who would fain persuade us that the poet's weapon should still be simple beauty, his voice a voice of tunefulness, his lessons taught amid music and flowers.

There are many too who will feel a sympathy which they hardly dare confess with Poe's strictures upon the Epic. With startling frankness, and a not uncharacteristic confidence in the finality of his own judgment, he declares that a very long poem cannot exist. "A long poem is simply a flat contradiction in terms." It is a fair conclusion from his premises. The value of the poem is proportionate to the "elevating excitement of the soul" which it produces. All excitements being of necessity transient, the degree of excitement necessary to justify the name of poem cannot be long maintained. The epic can only truly be regarded as poetical when we lose sight of unity, that vital requisite of Art, and regard it as a series of short poems. In an amusing tone of dogmatism Poe concludes, "If at any time any very long poem *were* popular in reality—which I doubt—it is at least clear that no very long poem will ever be popular again."

It is Poe's one-sidedness again, though many of us will feel with him. He was a lyrist, and for him there could be no poetry except the lyric. He was bounded of course by the narrowness of his purpose. Yet there is something admirable in the way he concentrated his devotion on the single phase of poetry. We know, even those of us who have least of the poetic spirit, that the elevating excitement which was the goal of all his efforts is real enough. We know too that he has not seldom produced it, and we are thankful to him for some of the most melodious and haunting lyrics in our language. "The wild effort to reach the Beauty above" was no cant phrase with Poe: we ourselves catch some of the fervour of his effort as we listen to his melodies. The straining after a more than earthly music—unattainable, and for that all the more desired—has found simple expression in a stanza of perfect lyrical beauty. He is singing of Israfel, the Angel of the Koran—"whose heartstrings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures"—

"If I might dwell  
Where Israfel  
Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
He might not sing so wildly well  
A mortal melody,  
While a bolder note than this might swell  
From my lyre within the sky."

H. C. CARTER.





FROM NORTH-  
ERN HEIGHTS.  
MAX BALFOUR.

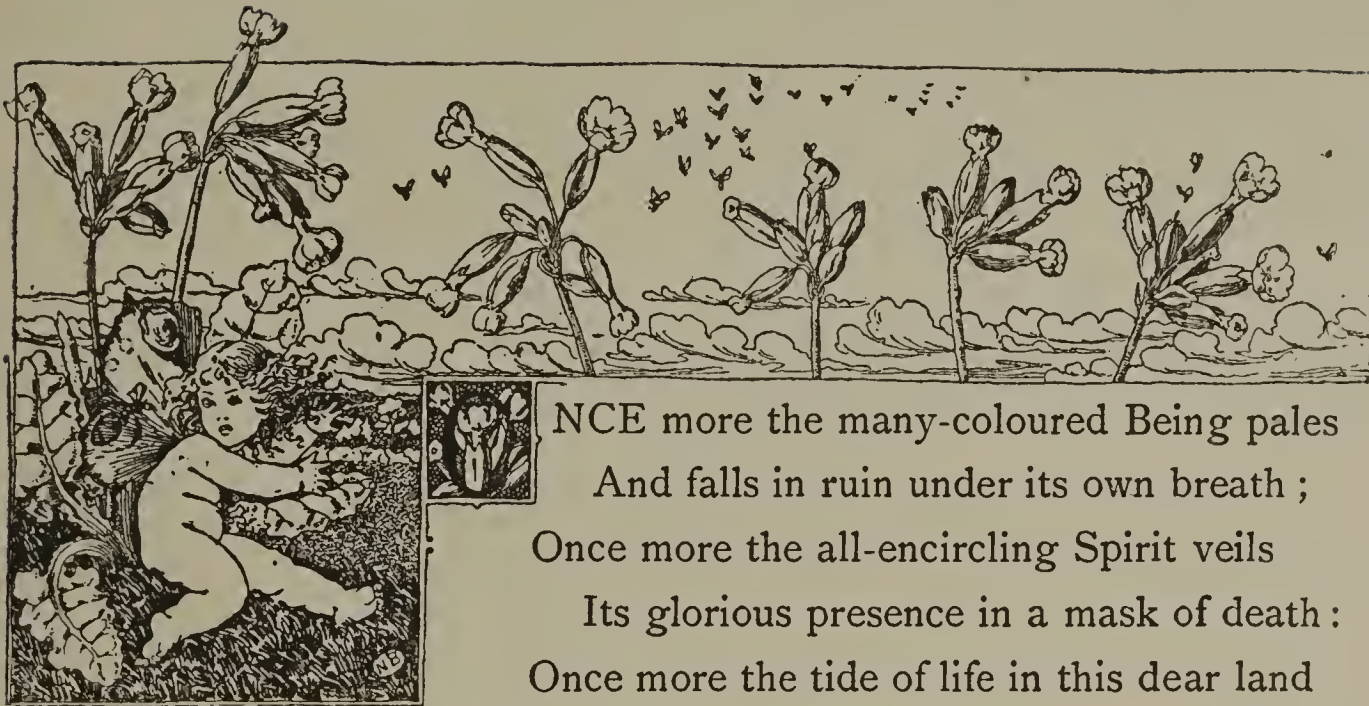


MAXE





## THE FALL.



ONCE more the many-coloured Being pales  
And falls in ruin under its own breath ;  
Once more the all-encircling Spirit veils  
Its glorious presence in a mask of death :  
Once more the tide of life in this dear land

Ebbs to stagnation : while with stricken hearts  
And eyes sad fixed upon its vacant strand,  
We watch and watch, until our joy departs.  
Once more we strive to gain from this high scene  
Of tragic woe and deep significance,  
A clue to what shall be from what hath been :  
Striving with Thought that leaves the mind in trance  
Deep-awed, because the living mystery  
Seems to resign its life and cease to be.

GEORGE EARLE.





*Andantino*

*mp* May thy sleep be pure & gen-tle,

*p*

*Tutti corde*

*mp*

May thy dreams be soft & light; May the spi-rit of the dark-ness Watch o'er thee to

*mp*

night

Bring-ing scenes of a calm glad-ness From the quiet o ther

*mf*

*Ped*



# LULLABY.

49

*cresc* *pp*

land, Where the dim sweet <sup>souls</sup> of vision Wander hand in hand, wan-der hand in

*Ped*

*mp*

hand Breathing ca-dences of won-der From un-sung world har-mo-nies

*mp*

*p*

which shall e-cho thro the day-time Ma-gic mem-o-ries, ma-gic mem-ories!

*mp* *mf*

*Ped* *Ped* *Ped*

May thy sleep be pure and gentle,  
May thy dreams be soft and light ;  
May the spirit of the darkness  
Watch o'er thee to-night ;

Bringing scenes of a calm gladness  
From the quiet other land,  
Where the dim sweet souls of vision  
Wander hand in hand, wander hand in hand.

Breathing cadences of wonder  
From unsung world-harmonies,  
Which shall echo thro' the daytime,  
Magic memories, magic memories.



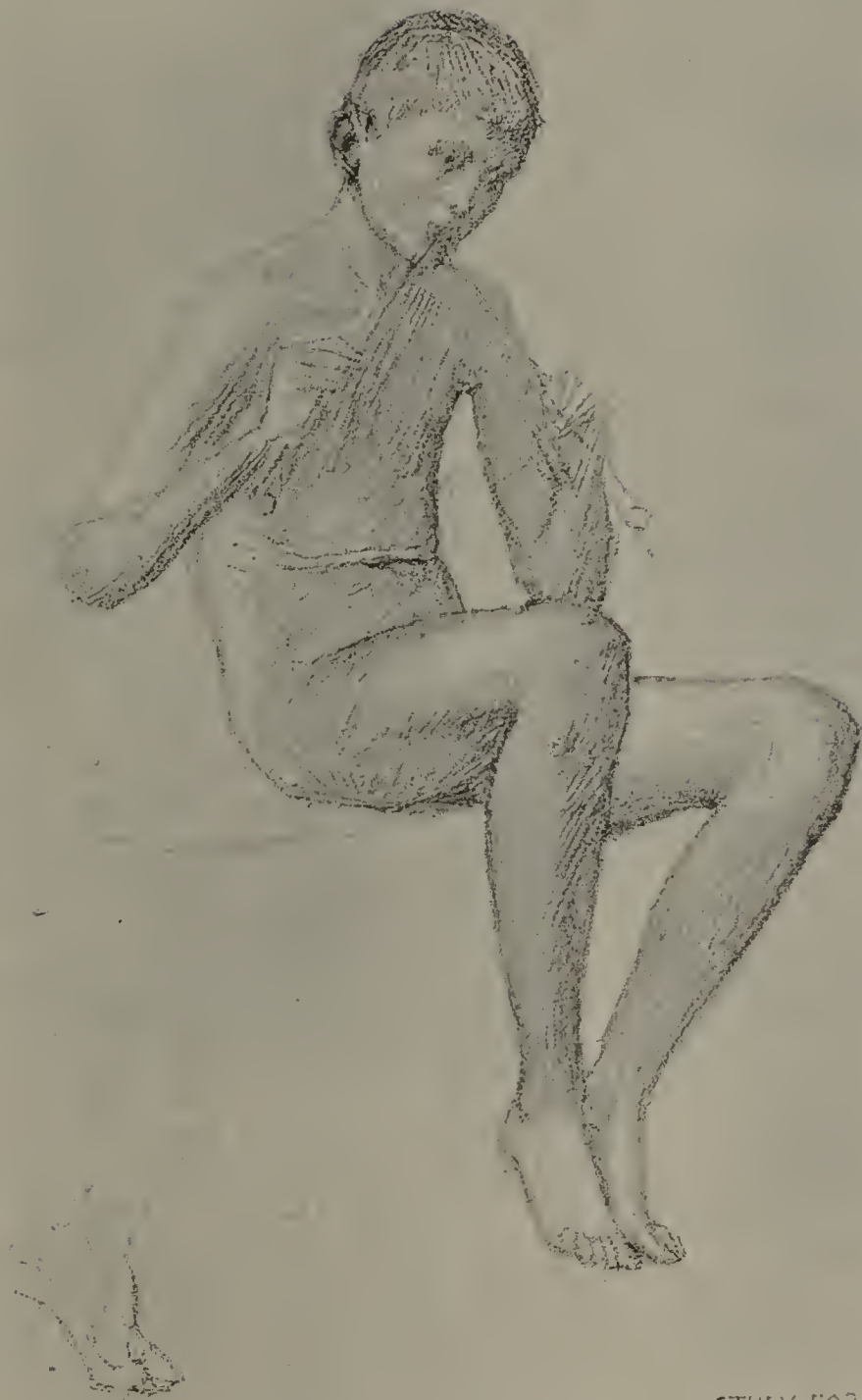


TUDY FOR FIGURE

IN "SEPTEMBER."

A. J. GASKIN.

A70



STUDY FOR  
FIGURE IN  
SEPTEMBER  
SHEPHERD CALLED  
MARCH 13  
MDCCCXCVI.







THE widespread ignorance in which the great masses of our fellows are enveloped is, no doubt, a matter of astonishment to many, and to precocious youth more than the rest. But what is apt to be more astonishing to youth is the desperate, and often futile, endeavour to conceal it. Ignorance, indeed, is no crime, but the acknowledgment thereof is fraught with dire lasting disgrace. We have most of us heard the story of the woman who was told to take her medicine in a recumbent posture, and who pleaded as her excuse for not so doing that she did not possess one, and found that her friend, Mrs. Smith, was no better off, whilst Mrs. Brown had unfortunately lent hers, and Mrs. Robinson, most hard-hearted of mortals, refused, under any conditions, to grant the loan of such a valuable piece of property. It is nothing uncommon; we meet with such people every day of our lives, but to youth they always seem astonishing—youth that, in its golden innocence, is never ashamed to ask questions—that never shrinks back alarmed for fear of exposing the terrible fact that it does not know. Happy, thrice happy youth, one of whose most marked characteristics is this insatiable desire of questioning again and yet again. There is no reason why I should differ from the generality of youth; I am not encumbered by any false



pride, and the thirst for knowledge and my precocious instincts grow apace; and therefore I have become a veritable bore to those of my acquaintances who, older or wiser than myself, are able to gratify my ardent curiosity. It has been my fate to be accused of flippancy in my method of putting questions, and I am popularly supposed to be of a disagreeable turn of mind; but, as many others before me, I have been maligned. One cannot always be serious—life itself is too dreary; and as for taking pleasure in the discomfiture of the ignorant, such thoughts are far from me. I only seek knowledge, and if a few “ignoramus” are exposed in the process, it is nothing to me, either one way or the other.

It is but recently that I asked the Editor of *THE QUARTO* why that periodical did not come out more regularly; it was from no wish to humiliate him, far from it. Even now, on reading my MS., he says, “Unless this allusion is removed he will reject my contribution.”\* Such is human nature! but “Pish! he’s a good fellow,” and ’t will all be well. That one should be unusually curious in matters artistic is nothing remarkable; there is so much to know and yet so little known.

There are few subjects more discussed than this, and although I am as ignorant of Art as of everything else, I frequently have gained great pleasure from others, listening to the astounding follies of those who presume to talk with an air of confidence of that of which they know nothing. It would be curious were it not that “fools rush in where angels fear to tread” to find every one considering himself at liberty to express an opinion on matters artistic, whether he has had a professional training in that direction or not. As the case is practically unique, the question must be of a more than usually angelic nature, for even on such subjects as “golf” the uninitiated preserves a discreet silence or at most assumes the attitude of the humble inquirer. Such has been my attitude with regard to every subject, and this vexed problem in particular. One of my most frequent inquiries, for instance, has been: “Why are our galleries so crowded?” I refer to the pictures, not to the people. That circumstance I could explain myself, but can be forbearing on occasion, and won’t tell this time.

\* The editorial memory is hazy on this point.

To poor misguided youth it would seem an almost obvious rule that when one holds an exhibition of pictures one hangs good pictures, and if there are no good pictures one does not hold an exhibition. This, however, is apparently not so; in the Academy in particular, and most London galleries in general, one finds good and bad pictures inextricably confused, the total number being legion. Many of us have, no doubt, often pondered over the delights of an Academy Exhibition that would contain a sufficiently limited number of pictures to enable one to go round without a headache, and in which each picture was so hung that it could be well seen, being neither placed so high as to be, as it were, out of reach, nor so near its neighbour that each picture spoils the other. When we hang pictures on the walls of our rooms, we do not crowd them in this manner; why should they not have a sufficient space around them in our galleries? I have asked many people, but have never had a satisfactory answer. One man told me that the walls were shabby and they had to be covered up. Now, as he had never seen the walls I don't know how he could know anything about it. An American friend guessed the bosses thought that a large show would be more impressive; but here, again, what good is a large impression if it is a bad one? Whereas a certain cynical acquaintance, who had failed in business, said he thought it must be to ensure a headache before one had been once round, so that a second visit would be necessary, and that thus the powers that be would receive two shillings instead of one. This was nasty, and I believe merely said out of spite, because he had never been as good a tradesman as the R.A. It has since occurred to me that perhaps these gentlemen were laughing at me, and it is needless to say that I did not arrive at this conclusion entirely by my own unaided genius. However, the fact remains: we all go to these exhibitions, and reach home with a sense of weariness and utter exhaustion, having generally missed seeing, in the crowd of inferior works, the one or two that are worth our attention and admiration; and if I ask "Why?" am I to blame?

It has suggested much food for reflection as to the advantages of Academies and Academic tendencies of all kinds, and the result justifies a certain dubiety as to the excellence of these institutions.

Immunity from outside interference must necessarily tend to a conservatism and, if you like it, pig-headedness on the part of those in office.



They are the last people to recognise the talent of an outsider, as they have nothing to gain and a certain amount to lose by such recognition.

English soil seems particularly ill adapted to raise these institutions. The Academy della Crusca, or the Five Academies of the Institut Impérial de France, can doubtless look back upon a more honourable history than any such body in England.

How is it in the case of our own Royal Academy of Arts, for instance, that such men as David Cox, Stark, Patrick Nasmyth, Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, Whistler, have been left outside, while places have been found for——?

It has occurred to me, but perhaps it is merely the rashness of youth, that the fault of these bodies lies mainly in the fact that they are always co-opted, and are responsible to no outside power whatever. Fancy how such a staid and respectable association as the Royal Academy would feel if it became compulsory upon them to admit a body of outsiders, equal in number to themselves, serving for a period of five years, chosen, say, by some such electorate as the present and past *members* of the principal Art Schools of Great Britain, such *membership* to be analogous to the position of graduate at one of the Universities, not any one who chose to attend any Art School. Five of these new R.As. should make half the present council of ten, and in every respect, except the life tenure of the title R.A., they would rank as the present members, the whole body together electing the permanent R.As.

But all this is an unshaped dream. I waste my time and try my reader's patience with my immature proposals; nor did I, indeed, set out with the intention of making suggestions, but with the resolve to ask the fool's questions that may occupy the attentions of the wise.

More than all else has the want of catholicity among the devotees of Art set my inquisitive tongue wagging with its irresponsible queries. The dogmas and creeds of artists are as multifarious as those of the theologians, and with even less reason. There is no gospel of Art, and every man is a law unto himself; and if that be so, why does he not recognise the fact, and remember that every other artist has a right, at least as good as his own, to formulate what laws he thinks fit? I dreamed I passed through a happy elysium, where the pre-Raphaelites and the Glasgow School, and

many other equally strange combinations, wandered side by side, but I awoke and found such a babel about me that I would fain I were asleep again.

A most important matter engaged my attention the other day, but again my repeated "Whys" were met by evasions and quibbles.

I paid a visit to the National Gallery, and, as I not infrequently do, went first to the Turner Room, and sat down to enjoy what I could see of the masterpieces on the walls.

There was the usual stampede going on in the gallery. "I suppose it's because people don't like Turner," I said to myself in a low tone.

"Exactly so," said a voice at my elbow, and I turned and saw a little fellow with a loose cloak and slouch hat, and an abnormally large tie, sitting on the chair at my side. "They don't know anything about pictures, any of them," he said reflectively, "and they just come in here and look round and remark, 'Oh, I see: these are all crowded up; I suppose they are of no account,' and then out they go."

"Why," I asked, "are the upper pictures so lighted that you absolutely can't see them?"

"Because they don't like being looked at," he said sharply.

"But they're only pictures," I remarked.

"Only pictures," he said: "you're just like the rest of them. How would you like being looked at if you were badly hung?"

This seemed to me a novel method of reasoning.

"It's very considerate of the authorities," I ventured, which seemed to be the proper thing to say under the circumstances.

"Very," he replied shortly.

As this seemed to finish the conversation, I rose and slowly walked through the galleries till I found myself in the Umbrian School.

I was looking at the big Raphael, and thinking that, all things considered, it was a pity we had not a better specimen—a similar verdict might be passed upon many other pictures in the National Gallery—when I again heard the little voice at my elbow. Its owner seemed to be interpreting my thoughts.

"If you asked the man at the door," he said, "he'd tell you what it cost per inch."

"I didn't speak," I said.



“No,” he replied, “but I did.”

I didn’t quite know what to say to this, and the little man went on. “They could have had the Sistine Madonna for not much more per inch.”

“Then why didn’t they?” I exclaimed.

He put his forefinger to his nose, and bending his head to one side, remarked, “Mean!”

“I don’t know what you mean,” I said.

This disgusted him and he went off, while I considered the folly of paying £70,000, or whatever it was, for this picture, when we might have had one ten times as good for not more than twice the money.

From there I worked my way round to the French Room, receiving many smiles from my old Venetian friends as I passed.

Just as I was wondering why French Art had apparently gone out like a candle after Claude, the little man again turned up.

“Looking for a Millet?” he said.

“I don’t think I know him,” I replied.

“Of course not,” he went on, “no Englishman does, they’re not allowed to,” said the little man; “and there are lots of others,” he continued. “They are frequently changing hands at sales, but they always seem to be bought by the dealers—at any rate, none ever do come into the National Collection.”

“But this is supposed to be a representative collection, one of, if not the finest in the world,” I said. “I suppose these men to whom you allude are second-rate artists?”

“Absurd!” he screamed; “Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Jacques, Daumier, Mauve, Daubigny, Monticelli, Bastien Lepage,” and a host of others, whose names I did not catch. “Why, you could fill a gallery with the works of these men, that would be the wonder of the world.”

“Are there any in the collection that Lady Wallace has left to the nation?” I asked.

“Some of them,” he said.

“Will they build rooms on here?” I went on.

“That is highly improbable,” he replied, “they would have to build upon the property beyond the Turner Room, and that would minimise the risk of fire.”

“But is a fire desirable?” I inquired.

“It is thought so by some,” he answered.

This seemed indeed strange, but when I asked the reason he was unable to tell me. We had been strolling along, and had by this time reached the Spanish School. There was an awful-looking new thing in a frame that I had never previously noticed, about which I again asked “Why?”

“Well,” the little man said thoughtfully, “I don’t know, unless it is that the managers here get a commission.”

“That is hardly likely,” I said.

“No, that is true,” he replied, “but such a supposition would be a most convenient hypothesis on which to explain the purchase of many second-rate Italian works, instead of the first-rate productions of some of the men we recently mentioned.”

“But much second-rate Italian work is very good,” I argued.

“That may be, but it is not advisable, with a limited supply of money, to buy second-rate work of any school when there is first-rate work of another school unrepresented. I should even doubt very much,” said the little man, “whether it would be well to do it even if the second-rate work, in the one case, was superior to the first-rate work in the other, which, in this instance, is, to put it mildly, exceedingly dubious.”

We were both silent for a few minutes as we walked back and passed down the great staircase to the Turner Water-colour Room—I might say the water-colour room, as the National Gallery now only recognise one water-colour artist. They used, I believe, to recognise two. However, our journey was useless, as the drawings I wished to see were packed away. My little friend waxed very indignant, and this time *he* began asking questions.

“Why,” he said in a loud voice, “don’t they have stands with movable screens, like there are at South Kensington? Why don’t they take a little more trouble to let the nation look at its own property? Why don’t they do their duty? Why”——

“If you don’t stop that noise, sir, you must go out,” said a burly guardian of these treasures.

My little friend collapsed like a child’s balloon when pricked, and turning to me, meekly requested my company to the Old British School to point out certain features in his old favourites.



We turned back the way we had come, but, on reaching the entrance to the room we were seeking, found it was closed.

"What's that for?" I exclaimed.

"Cleaning or something," he replied. "They're always at it. If ever you want to see anything particularly, the room's sure to be shut up."

"But why don't they put the pictures on screens for the time being in other rooms?" I said. "I have known a room to be shut up for weeks and weeks."

"The pictures would be home-sick," he replied.

"What?" I exclaimed.

"There you are again," he went on; "I don't know—I must say something—they're too lazy, I suppose."

"They can't be lazy," I demurred, "they're paid for it."

"You're wrong there; that's just the one thing people will do when they're paid for it," he said. "Take the Civil Service for instance; they're paid to be lazy and they do it well."

"Don't talk treason," I said; "you know what I mean—they're paid to do the work."

"Well!" he said impressively, and began undoing a parcel he carried, and produced a large book of very sumptuous appearance.

I took it from him and opened it; a few leaves fell out as I did so.

"They're paid to bind it," he explained.

"It's not well printed," I said, "look how grey it is in parts, and the type is full of broken letters."

"They're paid to print it," he explained again.

"These blocks wanted overlaying," I went on.

"They charged for getting it up properly," he said.

"But does a man never take any pride in his work?" I asked. "Is it simply a question of how much money he can earn?"

"That is so," the little man said with a sigh.

"Why do they use this nasty half-tone process, and this wretched shiny paper?" I asked.

"Because people won't pay for more expensive processes. Two joints of meat, that are gone in a few days, are bought without a murmur,

but ten or twelve shillings on a book that would last a lifetime, to say nothing of descendants, is considered a waste of money."

"But joints of meat are a necessity," I objected.

"Not at all," he replied, "only occasionally, and books are a necessity, too, unless you are a savage; I frequently go without one in order to provide myself with the other."

"Perhaps that is why you are so small," I said. It was an unfortunate remark. Whether he had read how to do it or not I cannot say, but despite his diminutive stature, I was speedily hustled out of the gallery and severely bruised in many places, and before I could summon the assistance of a policeman he was off like a shot.

Why are policemen never there when wanted?

W. H. YOUNG.





THE PARABLE OF THE  
BOILING POT. SIR E.  
BURNE - JONES, BART.







## TWO FACES.



OLDEN burns the sky  
As the red roofs lie  
By the lake-side sleeping.  
Dancing to and fro  
In the rippling flow  
I behold them go,  
'Twixt the sedges peeping,  
Treasured down below  
In the waters' keeping.

Whilst a gentle breeze  
Murmurs through the trees,  
Musically singing  
As the sounding seas  
In the distance ringing.  
Every sunny beam,  
Every transient gleam,  
To my fancy seem  
Mingling with my dream,  
And new colour bringing.

As my dreams pass on  
Visions float beside me,  
Phantoms faint and wan  
Seem to mock and chide me.  
Your pale face seems lit  
By the lights that flit  
In a long procession,  
Glancing on your hair,  
Playing here and there.  
Gwendolyn so fair,  
Shall I make confession  
That you seem to wear  
Such a cold expression?



## THE QUARTO.

So my fancy sees  
Misty visions drifting,  
Forming, fading, shifting,  
In and out the trees.  
So they seem to please,  
Till by slow degrees  
Every phantom flees,  
And the mists are lifting.

Through the street so still,  
Where beyond the hill  
They are busy working,  
Do I take my way.  
There the livelong day—  
Work brooks no delay—  
Toiling, nothing shirking.

And your eyes I see,  
As the day grows older,  
Gazing still on me  
In proud majesty,  
While the wind blows colder.

Yet, too, have I seen  
Where the *lifter's* been  
And revealed earth's treasure  
In no scanty measure,  
Other winsome faces,  
Simple country graces.  
On their cheeks, I ween,  
When the wind blows keen  
Rosier grow the roses.  
And there are no posies  
Like to bright Kathleen ;  
None could surely be  
Beauteous as she,

As I see her bending.  
If a mortal dare,  
I might e'en declare  
The Creator ne'er  
Made a form more fair,  
Such divine grace lending.

I have caught her glance,  
And by happy chance  
Seen those red lips smiling.  
Vain my pencil strays  
Half a thousand ways  
In a devious maze,  
The long hours beguiling.

From his rocky steep,  
By the lonely deep,  
Drawn by hope of plunder,  
There the white gull plays,  
And again I gaze  
Through the evening haze—  
Gaze and dream and wonder ;  
And the *lifter* goes  
Swiftly by, and throws  
The potato rows  
Far and wide asunder.  
As it passes me,  
And the gulls fly after,  
Kathleen's smile I see,  
And I hear her laughter.

Still the dark mists loom,  
A drear shadowy gloom  
Of impending doom  
O'er thine image flinging.  
As thou gazest down,  
With that same cold frown,  
In my ears is ringing :



## THE QUARTO.

“Gwendolyn would never  
But look cold on thee:  
Wide the gulfs that sever  
Rank and poverty.”

Gwendolyn so fair,  
And clear features rare,  
Should we make compare,  
Lineage adds no beauty;  
Nothing would be lent  
By thy long descent,—  
Fair who does her duty.

What am I to thee?  
Thou art not for me,  
A proud baron's daughter.  
Why, I ask in fear,  
Dost thou haunt me here,  
And beside the mere  
With its rippling water?

I have steeled my heart  
For a humbler part.  
Thou couldst never love me;  
Surely it were best  
That this heart should rest,  
And seek a lowlier quest,  
Below as thou above me.

\* \* \*

Oh! Kathleen was fair  
In the silver dawning  
When I saw her there,  
In the bright cold air  
Of the early morning,  
Haloes round her hair  
Her bright face adorning.

We two singing there,  
Down the Autumn drifting,  
Saw no shade of care ;  
Gone was dark despair,  
All the gloom seemed lifting.

Over thought's wide sea,  
Gazing down on me,  
Oh, so icily !  
In my wakeful dreaming,  
That same phantom face,  
In its queenly grace,  
Can I sometimes trace  
Through the darkness gleaming.

Shall the wild bells ring,  
And this frail heart sing  
Loud in exultation ?  
For there came one day,  
By a devious way,  
Such a strange narration :  
Could the tale be true,  
Gwendolyn, of you ?

As in days of yore  
Comest thou once more,  
But as ne'er before :  
Tears are softly flowing,  
And a tender smile  
Seems to lurk the while,  
A rare sweetness showing.  
'Tis so long ago,  
How was I to know  
That you loved me so  
Long and long ago,  
Never, never knowing ?

J. BERNARD HOLBORN.





TRATTON WATER.

A. CAMPBELL CROSS.







## JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Born 5th October, 1840; died 19th April, 1893.



HE famous critic, poet, and humanist whose name heads this paper will be classed in the approaching century among the writers of the Victorian period. His whole career will be seen to have been comprised within the reign of her present Majesty. The classification seems inevitable; but it will be unjust, for only the faults of Symonds' style are Victorian: his transcendent merits are those of the revival of letters—of the days of Shakespeare in England; in France and Italy of the period of the Renaissance. There is, however, injustice and injustice, and that form which names a man by a period in which he lived is never without its compensations. The drawbacks to his work which offended at the time will offend a century later, but they will then be seen in something like proper perspective, and they will be properly credited—or debited—rather to the time-spirit than to the writer. Mr. Henley has censured the style of Symonds as lustrous and Corinthian, while Mr. Lang has remarked that “throughout, the canvas, so to speak, is rather overloaded, for words are not colours, and they are apt to accumulate too heavily when they are made to do the work of colours.” The wit which has enabled Mr. Henley to be a classicist in a period of ardent romanticism—in this respect, if not in others, he strongly reminds us of Petronius in the days of Nero—has saved him from the faults that in Symonds raised his ire, but it has not saved him from a critical error which the future will certainly escape. The erudition of Symonds was by no means “superficial,” and it may be deemed the Nemesis of the Victorian method that a scholarship which was thorough,

deep, and exact, without affectation or pretence of any kind, should come to be thus misjudged by an honourable, if hostile, critic.

The fact is, that the period during which the style of Symonds was formed was one the very nature of which we are beginning to forget. We are celebrating the Victorian period when it is already over. We still admire Dickens, but not for his pathos. We still read Carlyle, but we recognise that scarcely even his dyspepsia was sincere. Ruskin, hermaphrodite in all but charm, we have absolutely ceased to read. It is the same with art as with letters. Pre-Raphaelitism, the art of those who wouldn't draw, and Impressionism, the art of those who couldn't, have been in turn discarded. The jilted ladies are at this moment engaged in exchanging their vinaigrettes.

The faults which clung to the style of Symonds were those of his early and most impressionable manhood. His father took life easily; he was a doctor. But thirty years before it was turned into a comedy, "John Addington the Younger," as the Museum Catalogue has it, was deeply impressed with "the importance of being earnest."

A somewhat unhappy boyhood contributed to this result, though we are glad to say there is no foundation for the *Fortnightly Review* statement that he was sent to Hanover when he was thirteen. I had it from his own lips that he had never been at Hanover in his life. He was a manly and popular boy at school, and although exempted from "compulsory games," he played football and took part in other athletic exercises whenever his health allowed. Some of his schoolboy letters home have been published in Mr. Horatio Brown's admirable and authoritative biography of his old friend. They are very amusing, and suggest no melancholy whatsoever; yet he says he was very glad to leave school, and his remarks to the present writer on the subject were unmistakable in their emphasis: "I owed an unhappy boyhood to bad masters and a bad school." He strongly advised a friend not to send his son to a public boarding school, yet "a boy must mix with other boys." To Clifton School, where, however, he was not educated, he was greatly attached, and his Lectures to the Sixth on Greek Poetry and Literature were so great a success that he was encouraged to expand them into the two volumes "On the Greek Poets" which bear his name.



Symonds went up to Oxford with a good school reputation, and his career at Balliol was one of distinction. He won the Newdigate, took a first in classics, despite illness all through the examination, and obtained a fellowship at Magdalen before he was twenty-three. He was thus early marked out for a literary career, while his artistic leanings had been shown from the time that he was a very young boy. He was never tired of pictures and picture books, and always drawing figures. His father, however, sent him to the Bristol Art School, then recently established in connection with South Kensington. All artistic originality was promptly extinguished in "hexagons, cubes, patterns," and ever afterwards the actual task of drawing "filled him with repugnance." Simple, modest at heart like all great men, he blamed, and blamed bitterly, his "natural indolence and irresolution," but those who remember his indefatigable energy and love of doing will suspect that the teaching rather than the pupil was at fault.

"*Quam dilecta sunt templa Magdalenae. Nunquam aliquid adeo desideravi*" had been a note in his commonplace-book before he stood for the fellowship, and now that he was admitted to the select society of that ancient house at an ideal age, when he could fully appreciate the pleasures of Oxford life no less than undertake its duties, Symonds might, by friends at a distance, be fairly hailed as happy. By friends—at a distance—only. Those who were near him and with him early in 1863 were deeply concerned for his health, which both mentally and physically seemed to give way all of a sudden. The school life had probably been too studious; the three years of life as an undergraduate had been feverish. At a time when he was reputed to be earning more by his pen than any other undergraduate in the University, when he was also reading for his degree and was taking a stalwart part in controversy on the Broad Church and Liberal sides, he was writing to his sister that he feared he was idling away too much of his time and was not sufficiently earnest in his work.

That "earnest" note of the early sixties had surely much to answer for: great men, Arnold and Kingsley, Maurice and Ruskin, were all smitten by it; yet we fear that its epitaph will be that of one who himself had been in it, and, coming out, described it as "beating about the bush with sublime emotion, but never starting the hare."

Symonds probably owed his life to the hunting and swimming, to the walks and sauntering, to the very diversions of Oxford that he speaks of in his letters as the insidious and to-be-resisted enemies of his labours. Even as it was, three years of overstrain had to be paid for to the last coin in as many twelvemonths of weakness and suffering. Continental tours had to be prolonged, college work became more and more dangerous; eventually he married and gave up his fellowship. During this period he did little literary work of importance. A curious poem called "Theodore" has never been published. It embodies several early fragments. There is all the Sixth Form schoolboy in the saddening discovery that "the curse of life is love." The healing influence of woods and waters, fields and skies must, one imagines, have been felt somewhat later. To "placid nature, power serene," he "consecrates a weary heart." Art comes to his aid, and in some very beautiful lines he compares the two influences. The noble pathos of church music, the lofty aisles of grand cathedrals came to be to him the greatest things in the world, and so Art and nature led him up to Beauty in a pure and simple humanity, "a holy lamp of living flame," as Symonds himself expresses it. The whole poem is obviously to a great extent autobiographical, and Symonds probably felt that to remove its obscurities would be to say too much, to leave them would be to make it unintelligible to the general reader. It is throughout weak in workmanship, the task of a young man weak in spirit and weak in health, yet nobody who has read it but feels an increased sympathy for the writer. It is emphatically the work of a good man and of a manly mind. We may fittingly quote its closing lines,—

"The moral is not hard to read :  
 Love, only Love, our spirits need  
 To purge their films away,  
 The love of man and beast and tree  
 Is medicine and divinity.  
 Art lives by Love, and sullen doubt  
 Which thinking cannot puzzle out  
 Is solved by Love alone.  
 But he who makes his reason blind,  
 And discontented seeks to find  
 A love that nature does not bless,  
 Like sad Narcissus, must confess  
 He loved himself alone."



During three years of resting and recuperation, but also of sad ill-health and of much weariness, Symonds was slowly, surely finding himself. A brave man of gentle birth, the morbid musings on Sin, the religious horror of Death, the talks about "beyond the grave" which had destroyed many of his nights at Oxford when he was well, dissolved and were once for all vanquished when he stood face to face with a serious chance of actually dying. The doctors, from about 1866, had to admit to him that though he had tided over the breakdown of 1863 he would never be wholly out of danger, one lung being permanently affected. From this time the noble courage which was in his nature shone forth with a light and clearness never quenched till the end of all. Stoicism and resignation it must at first have been, but with time came real cheerfulness, and, when the conditions of winter residence at Davos had been fully assimilated, happiness and unfeigned acceptance of his lot. Jowett in one of his letters says that ill-health did Symonds no mental harm, and a like judgment has been expressed by nearly all his friends.

It was in 1869 that Symonds, back at his beloved Clifton after long wanderings in Italy and Greece, gave those memorable lectures to the Sixth at Clifton School to which I have already referred. Oxford prizes had, after all, been boy's triumphs. Here was the very different case of work which, produced in obscurity and for a merely local purpose, was at once recognized as so good that the writer was urged by the best judges to develop the theme and complete it for the greater world. The "Greek Poets," published *urbi et orbi* in 1872, revised and re-issued in 1892, remains and probably will remain, the standard work on the subject in English. It is a masterpiece of trustworthy criticism and of accurate scholarship, and the verse renderings which illustrate many passages are among the very best things that Symonds ever wrote. In 1874 the Oxford prize essay on the Renaissance, written in 1863, was made the starting-point of what was destined to be Symonds' *magnum opus*. Attracted towards the Renaissance he had been from Oxford days preceding the essay. In 1866 we find him protesting against Ruskin's petulant injustice to the work of the great Renaissance painters. But he thought that Ruskin "represented the spirit of the nineteenth century," and he soon found that to write the history of an entire era would be no easy task. With a great determina-



tion he resolved to devote ten years to the labour. The seven famous volumes on the "Renaissance" were the result; they occupied him almost incessantly from 1875 to 1885. But the end crowned the work. His research was all at first hand, and his insight into the period amounted to genius. These things, combined with indefatigable industry, made the history a classic. It is to *its* era what Freeman's four volumes are to the reigns of William I. and II. in England, what Professor Gardiner's history is to the reigns of James I. and Charles I. All subsequent work has been vastly indebted to it; and it had the further fortune of taking the public. The "Greek Poets" had only appealed to scholars. "Men of the Time" for 1875 knew not Symonds. But he became at once the "Historian of the Renaissance," and as such the world in general still principally remembers him. The great work was effectively followed up in 1887 by the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," a cognate theme. This had an immense success. It was more "popular" than the serious historical work. It is moreover an almost unrivalled piece of translation; wonderfully true to the Italian, it reads as excellent and idiomatic English throughout. So does the "Life of Count Carlo Gozzi," which appeared in 1890. This work was the least congenial to Symonds of all his Italian studies, but this did not prevent the work from being flawlessly well done. In 1891 the "Life of Michelangelo" was occupying practically the whole of Symonds' time, and its appearance in 1892 was hailed with an unanimous chorus of applause. Even Mr. Henley was friendly. The work was in truth admirable, and apart from the interest of its subject it will often be studied as a veritable key to that great literary problem, how to effectively unite the scholarly and the popular.

To the many magazine articles written by Symonds very brief reference must suffice. His two essays on the "Reign of Hadrian" have made the *Cornhill* for February and March, 1879, indispensable to students of the Latin Decadence; but nearly all his other essays have eventually found their home in book form.

Symonds was a delightful correspondent. During his long winter seclusion in the Swiss Highlands he obtained time to exchange ideas with his English friends, and, as is often the case, the sense of separation and of distance lent a greater intimacy to the pen. The dearest of friends

are superficial when correspondence only passes from Westminster to the Temple, or from Belgravia to Mayfair. Here are some very short fragments, not, perhaps, unhelpful in showing the man :—

1. A letter from Davos has the heading, “Clifton Hill House, Clifton, Bristol,” scratched through; but against the erasure is just a word—“My old home!” The exile of health was not always free from nostalgia.

2. Aldworth, 28th August, 1892. “Discussed a philosophical poem he meant to write on Giordano Bruno with Tennyson: he seems to have a vista of golden age before him.” Tennyson’s death, like Symonds’ own, came very suddenly when it did come.

3. “My average earnings from literature during the last ten years 1882-91 have been £215 5s. 6d. A friend, a business man, struck the average from the very detailed records of receipts I keep.” This, as the writer thought, was not very encouraging to those about to become men of letters. But he passes to pleasant *badinage* on “the plant of the business.”

4. An undated letter from “The Glen Inverleithen.”—“There is a fine large Fred Walker (the last he ever painted, and unfinished) in the drawing-room here. A group of girls and boys standing and lying on the grassy brink of a river. The central figure is a lad of about fifteen lying leaningly with his head thrown back, and naked legs dangling over the steep bank. Waltner has etched it, but not done it justice.”

5. June 24th, 1891. “I wish I had thought of cash more in my life; but, as Marlowe says, ‘Poets are ever poor. From them gross gold runs headlong to the boor.’ It is difficult to do literature and think of money.”

6. “One must be much more careful in a poem than in a picture. Few people feel emotion in a picture. It is pressed upon them by a poem, and so poems give occasion to the blasphemer.”

7. “I am excessively tired. The strain of Michelangelo’s life was enormous on me for a year. Now that it is over I feel a dangerous depressing sense of relaxation. These changes are too sudden. What a trying life to the nerves is that of the artist!”

8. Symonds had been a strong Liberal from earliest Oxford days. But in 1891 he told me briefly that he was “no longer a Liberal.” I believe he



thought that Home Rule would hand over Ireland to "the priests," against whom he had prejudices which sounded curiously old-fashioned. But his whole mind had moved towards Conservatism. He even doubted if literature should outrun social ideas. "I am not sure whether it is fair to present in attractive form emotions which are not recognised by society."

9. "*Terza rima* is not a good stanza in English. I try when I use it to overcome some of its harshness by a profuse employment of verbal assonances."

10. "I was asked to-day if I was 'a Believer.' I replied that I was a believer enough to have written a Christmas lullaby and three Latin hymns."

11. Replying to a note of mine on the *chant-fable* ("Aucassin and Nicolette" is the best known type), Symonds wrote it seemed to him the most natural of all forms. "I wish you could see the diary I kept from Oct. 1860 to Oct. 1863. It is a curious *mélange* of prose and verse from which the published essay in the 'Key of Blue' is but a detached fragment."

12. A new-year letter from Davos says: "It is impossible to exaggerate the unmitigated splendour of the skies here. Brilliant sun by day, myriads of burning stars by night. The frost is hard: now and then we have as much as 46° degrees Fahr. of it at night. But I sleep with an open window, and never feel cold. It is an odd place, this."

13. "I do not think that marriage has any influence either for good or bad upon the artistic temperament."

14. "Beauty and Art may be the cause of much pain to us. But then it is the case of 'Balnea viria Venus,'—they make up life."

15. "The study of Walt Whitman was written right off. I spent twelve long days solely on its composition, and in that time completed it."

Letters of condolence are extraordinarily difficult to write: we all say either too little or too much. It may therefore be in place to say of a writer sometimes called "florid" that he was in this delicate matter a master of exquisite feeling and good taste. It was my lot to sustain more than one heavy loss in his lifetime, and I received letters of real kindness from many. But his stand alone. They are aidful, manly. They are not cold, yet not



a word is there that strikes a jarring note. Less than a month before his own end he wrote me as follows: "I should like to end my days in some retreat, sequestered, thinking of night that comes, restrained from all volition, performing to the end some simple task of erudition." He goes on to quote a line, "The madhouse is our modern monastery," and regrets the absence from lay life of what the religious life had possessed for many centuries. Yes, the need for rests and retreats is a need of the soul, and not of any creed or particular faith alone. Here, however, is an entire letter. The sonnet referred to in the last line was printed in *The Artist*, so there is no need to give it here. Symonds' published writings, whether in books or periodicals, are easily accessible.

VENICE, 560, ZATTERE. *October 30th, 1892.*

MY DEAR JACKSON,—It is one of those evenings charged with an inexplicable melancholy and what the French call "indicible tristesse." Outside upon the broad Canal of the Giudecca fog-horns are calling from sea-going steamers, and now and then the weird sting of a siren—like a writhing sound-serpent or a Banshee's cry—shivers from nowhere, no whither, through the opaque mist.

I could never make up my mind whether it is from our own nerves, or from something altered and set wrong in natural things, that this sense of a profound gloom now and again settles down quite unexpectedly. So often too it happens on a Sunday. There is an excuse for that in England; none here in Italy. If I had energy enough to seek the Piazza I should find it ringing with a military band, while bright-eyed, sleek-necked sailors shot ceaseless invitations as they passed.

I always like my life here when I am alone. I have fair bedrooms, the sunniest of which I use as my own scribbling-place in early spring or autumn; a fairly large sitting-room with five small windows in a row, a dining-room next the kitchen, and Angelo for factotum with his wife for cook. It is a little Paradise for a bachelor. And then such a view! And all the shifting crowd, soldiers, sailors, *facchini* in triple blues, girls with lovers, gnarled old men;—just under my nose; for I am in an *entresol*.

My life is being spent too much among the great of this world. The Empress Frederick is here with her daughter Margaret, and the nice young Prince of Hesse—something, who is the girl's *fiancé*. They make considerable demands on my society, and I am always plying in my gondola between this house and their palace on the Grand Canal. *N'importe*. It is good for a man to live in both worlds. The other world is Augusto, and a little old-fashioned wine-shop in a garden of vines, where the gondoliers congregate. There are many charming high-bred women in the circle of the Empress: my old friend the Contessa Almiro Pisani, the Marchesa Giuccioli, the Gräfin von Wolhenstein, the Princess Hatzfelt, Lady Layard, Mrs. Eden, Mrs. Sargent Curtis.

Then I have a third set: Pen Browning in his vast Palazzo Rezzanico with Cullum, and a corporal of the 2nd Life Guards in mufti, and old Sir James Lacaita, and Mrs. Brousas, and General De Horsey.

One has to come and live in Venice to see how the various strata of society flow into each other naturally, and can be enjoyed by one and the same person daily, without any dislocation of conventions.

I need hardly say that it makes a great difference having such a friend and servant as Angelo. But then I doubt whether the same sort of person can ever be found outside the gondolier class. It also makes much for me that I am in the same house as my friend Horatio Brown, though separate as far as access goes. He forms by himself, with his associates, a fourth set.

*November 5th.*—I do not know what made me break off in this letter. The days go so nonchalantly that one realises that desire of Clough's "Were life but like the gondola!" There have been a

succession of sad sumptuous autumn days : the lagoons asleep, gently heaving, in long undulations, beneath the immense vault of varied greys, modulating from the warmest violet to the coldest slaty hues. Mournful pageants of sunset, hanging roses and flakes of crimson fire over the whole expanse of heaven's pavilion. And then, still misty nights with a touch of chill in them, when the concave of the sky, mingled in the concave of the water, made one sphere of mysterious blue, moving about in which was like being in the midst of some pale milky sapphire, all luminous with moonlight suffused into the vapour. Silhouettes of churches, masts of ships, blurred and *estampés* into shadows. Lead-covered domes and roofs, drenched with dew, glistening like dull silver. Only, at intervals, along the quays, lamps dilated into globes, with golden shadows sagging down along the imperceptible azure of the water floor. A divine Whistlerian Symphony, with infinite space and inimitable delicacy of superabundant detail added.

These things have been engulfed again in sea-fog, and I listen this night to the complaining fret of the boats moored close beneath my windows. I am alone for once, and sad, and disappointed of an expectation for the sake of which I contrived to elude a reception of the Empress. *Taci, taci, inquieto cuore.* I do not think it is because I am defrauded of a longed-for opportunity that I am so weary. *Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeüten dass ich so traierig bèn.* Moments come in the hyper-sensitive life of all artist-natures when, unlonged, unbidden, we are assailed by desolate perceptions of the inutility of life, the vanity of all things, the visionary fabric of the universe, the incomprehensibility of ourselves, the continuous and irreparable flight of time,—when all our joys and sorrows, our passion and our shame, our endeavours to achieve and our languor of inertia, seem but a mocking film, an iridescent scum, upon the changeful surface of a black and bottomless abyss of horrible inscrutability.

Alas for us, that we who feel the realities of beauty and emotion so acutely, and have such power at times to render them by words or forms for others, should also feel with such poignant intensity the grim vacuity of the universe, the irrationality of life, the illusory and transitory nature of the ground on which we tread, the flesh that clothes us round, the passions that fret our brains, the duties we perform, the thoughts that keep our will upon the stretch through months of useless labour.

This is the mood which blurs my soul to-night in solitude, while the Princess Margaret and the Prince of Hesse are acting charades at Cà Capello, and Sir Henry Layard is presenting a copy of my "Michelangelo" to the Empress Frederick.

I am sure I do not want to be there. And I do not think it is the absence of "the blue boy" for whom I renounced my part in those Court-triumphs, which has so dejected me. I feel it a relief even to be alone. For how could such a mood have been other than contaminating to the lamp of the soul—as the sea-mist blurs the moon?

Here I tired of writing about what cannot be described in the Soul's sickness—the *Maladie de l'âme*. I turned back to look at the beginning of my letter, and to my surprise I found that, a week ago, I had written to you in just such a melancholy mood. It is some instinct then that, when the mood is there, I turn in thought to you. Take this, if you will or can, for a compliment!

Now I will set down a sonnet I made lately.

The poetry published by Symonds at varying periods during thirty years failed to secure that audience which his prose work at once attracted. Profound thought and poignant emotion were there: the Victorian era has produced no truer poet. But poetry is something more than heart-beats, more than the pure light of intellect at white heat. It is emotion rhythmical, and thought in cadence. It demands precise workmanship, it insists on a beautiful form. In his latest work Symonds had come to admit



this, and had he lived he would certainly have achieved that full poetic fame which he would have loved to win. But from 1861, when the Oxford freshman was rhyming "cheek" and "break," "gone" and "won," to 1891 when a rhyme of "blouse" and "those" induced the sarcastic Mr. Lang to intervene with a suggestion of "hose" for the first line-ending, there was a strange indifference to finish. Symonds had a fixed aversion to the French forms with their powerful and aidful discipline, and a fatal fluency was bred of writing in nothing but the easiest measures. His work in verse appeared as a consequence to lack concentration. To the sonnet form he became reconciled through Michael Angelo, and his verse in this form is that which has most vitality. "*Animi Figura*," a book of sonnets published in 1882, is admitted by all critics to be his best volume of verse, and there are perhaps twenty out of the one hundred and forty sonnets which are secure of immortality. Sonnets XI. ("Personality") XVIII. ("On Self") XXVI. ("Three Things") XXXV. ("Eros and Anteros") XC. ("Sacro Monte") XCII. ("Man too must fade") are half a dozen examples of what nobody need fear to champion as first-class work. In other volumes, "Southward Bound," "I Tre Felice," "Oblivion," "Palumba" may be mentioned; the paraphrases of Greek poems, too, contain some admirable passages not eloquent merely, but lighted with the authentic poetic flame. "Lines in the Gallery of the Vatican" do not lack the note of the grand style.

The halls  
Through which we pass, with dead divinities  
Are gleaming, and the voice of Hellas calls  
Clear from her grave: nought but the pedestals  
Belong to Christ: the carven shapes above  
Still breathe and smile with life of ancient love.

There is more than a breath of Herrick in

Fear not to tread; it is not much  
To bless the meadow with your touch.

Browning at his best might have written the lines beginning

To have written one song that shall live.

"A Ballata" is absolutely original in English verse; it might have been a shorter poem by the unknown author of the "Pervigilium Veneris";



but "Many Moods," "New and Old," and "Vagabunduli Libellus" should be read, not merely dipped into.

The following is the last poem that Symonds wrote in England. Its date is September 10th, 1892. "One of the best things he ever did" was the criticism of Walter Pater, and it is remarkable for having been practically an impromptu. The whole scene, "with rose incarnadined," of early sunset in the South was one for which Symonds could not have been prepared, and the lines were sent round to an artist friend the same night. He left for the Continent the following day; and though apparently in exceptionally robust health (for him), was fated to be lost to us all before another summer came round. Here are the lines:—

#### TO LEANDER

##### IN SUNSET BY THE SOUTHERN SEA.

From what diviner air hast thou  
 Descended to these sombre skies?  
 What mighty god enwreathed thy brow  
 With flaky flame, and filled thine eyes,  
 Those wells deep-set, with light too clear,  
 Too ardent, for our mortal sphere?

Motionless, like a heaven-born thing  
 Which earthly vapours overwhelm,  
 Still striving with the spirit's wing  
 To reach thy antenatal realm,  
 Thou standest on this craggy cove  
 Live image of Uranian Love.

The limpid waters dream at ease  
 Around thy billow-beaten throne,  
 Pearly horizons of grey seas  
 Melt into skies of amber tone,  
 With rose incarnadined to warm  
 The flawless pallor of thy form.

'Tis gold, 'tis honey, faintest flush  
 Of crimson playing round each limb,  
 Bathing thy body in a blush  
 So all-pervasive, lustrous, dim,  
 That gazing we are fain to feel  
 Those hues from thee their radiance steal.

Why prate of gods and heaven-born things ?  
 Be thou thyself, victorious boy !  
 There need no wide aërial wings,  
 No immortalities of joy.  
 Thine is the true, the sole ideal :  
 Man knows nought lovelier than the real.

As far as I know the absolutely last verses that Symonds ever wrote were the following, which, as one now notices sadly enough, are entitled an "Envoy" or farewell. The two closing lines are also strangely significant, the more so as in saying "Autumn has come" there was no reference to the mere time of year. This was later March in the south of Italy. The allusion is an utterance of purely personal presentiment or pessimism.

## L'ENVOI A CES PASSIONS.

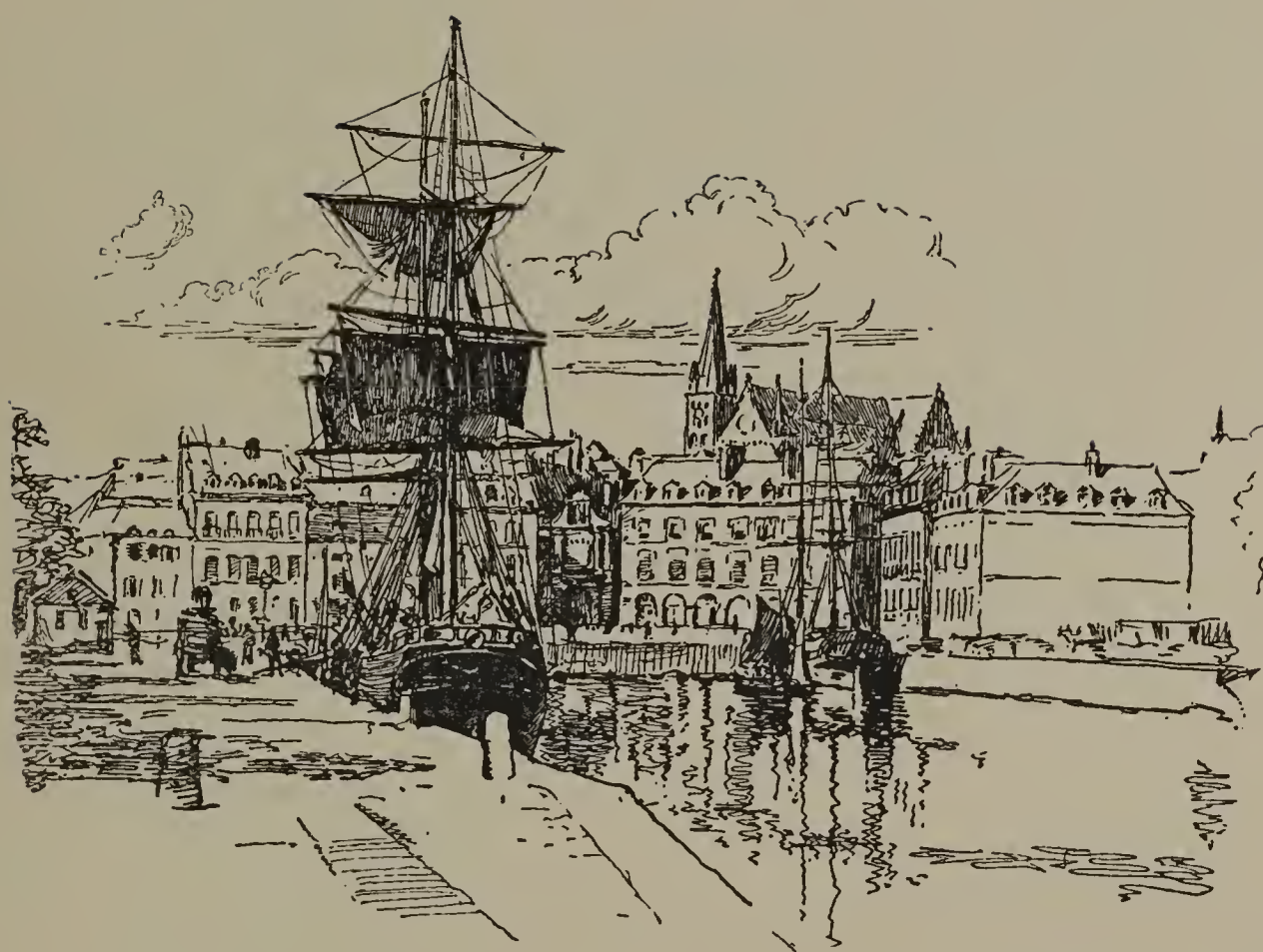
Hence, all ye vernal loves, light forms of joy,  
 Shapes of dim gods trampling the liquid air,  
 Ye lovely knights and blonde squires debonair,  
 Blithe jocund youths descending on the boy !  
 Hence too, ye later loves, live men so fair,  
 Strong, sweet as wine of grapes that cannot cloy ;  
 Your charm nor law nor custom may destroy :  
 Yet wisest fate says No ! Thou shalt forbear !  
 Hence then, ye floating dreams, of hope the blossom,  
 While young blood burgeoned into life's full spring :  
 Hence, potent puissances, clasped to my bosom  
 When fruits of summer burdened passion's tree.  
 Autumn hath come, and Doom, the stern sad king,  
 Beckons my tired soul o'er death's frightful sea.  
 J. A. S.

Despite the gloomy note with which this powerful sonnet closes, the mood was destined to pass. His old friend Mr. Oscar Browning was the last Englishman to be with him, and this was a very few days before his sudden death at Rome, on April 19th, 1893. Writing under date 21st April of that year, Mr. Browning says that he had on that day fortnight left Symonds at Naples in the fullest health and the highest spirits. "He was returning from a visit to Sir James Lacaïta at his villa of Leucaspide, near Taranto. I had not for years seen him look so robust, and he acknowledged that he felt as strong as he looked. We dined together and went to see Scarpetta, the famous Neapolitan actor, and parted promising to spend a good deal of time together during the ensuing week. On Sunday, April 9th, he went up Vesuvius, on a very bad day. The wind was bitterly cold,

the sulphurous smoke was beating down the sides of the mountain. I was told that he suffered considerably during the journey. On returning to his hotel he found a telegram summoning him to Venice, where his wife had been taken seriously ill." It was in response to this call that he started for the North; but his health rapidly grew worse and he was incapable of travelling farther than Rome. There he died, and is buried in the English cemetery hard by the grave of Shelley. "He was," said the *Saturday Review*, "a high priest in the temple of literature, and Apollo had no servitor more intelligent or more assiduous." "Profoundly learned," said the *St. James's Gazette*, "Mr. Symonds was sensitive, perhaps too sensitive, to all the emotional and artistic sides of life and literature." His critical and historical works are steeped in the knowledge, not of books only, but of nature and Art. But after all the choicest wreath laid upon his tomb in that Roman cemetery was placed there by a writer for the well-known French review, *Le Journal des Débats*: "All the best men of our time," wrote M. Desjardins, "unite in their regret at Symonds' death. He loved that which is beautiful and good and pure. He was, in the words of an old classic, 'well acquainted with all the elegances, above all with the elegances of the soul.' He has been laid to rest in the English cemetery, close to the pyramid of Cestius, near to the place where Shelley's ashes were laid under the ruddy trunk of an old cedar. It is one of the corners of Rome where there are most singing birds." Jowett wrote the epitaph inscribed above his grave, "Ave, carissime, nemo te magis in corde amicos fovebat, nec in simplices et indoctos benevolentior erat."

CHARLES KAINS-JACKSON.





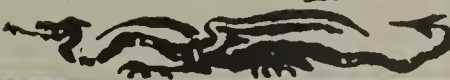
THE PORT VANNES.

HUGH ARNOLD.



HILDE ROLAND TO  
THE DARK TOWER  
CAME. MISS WATTS.



Childe · Roland · to · the · Dark  
Tower · came. 





Words by  
Longfellow

Stars of the  
Summer Night

Music by  
J. Spawforth

*mp*

*- Vivace*  
*MM ♩ = 96*

*Leggiero* *mf* *mp*

Stars of the summer night!

Far in yon azure deeps, Hide, hide your golden light! She

*rall* *ten*

sleeps! my lady sleeps! ~~~~~

*rall* *mf*



Moon of the summer night! Far down yon western steeps,  
sink, sink in silver light! She sleeps! My lady sleeps! She  
sleeps Wind of the summer night! Where  
yon-der wood-bine creeps, Fold, fold thy pinions light! Fold, fold thy



# STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

85

pin-ions light! she sleeps! ~ My lady sleeps! ~ Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her, her lov-er keeps watch! While in slum-bers light She

sleeps! ~ My lady sleeps! ~ she sleeps! ~

*pp* *rall* *mf a tempo* *colla voce* *ppp* *p* *mf*

Stars of the summer night !  
 Far in yon azure deeps,  
 Hide, hide your golden light !  
 She sleeps ! my lady sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !  
 Far down yon western steeps,  
 Sink, sink in silver light !  
 She sleeps ! my lady sleeps !  
 She sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !  
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
 Fold, fold thy pinions light !  
 Fold, fold thy pinions light !  
 She sleeps ! my lady sleeps !  
 Dreams of the summer night !  
 Tell her, her lover keeps  
 Watch while in slumbers light  
 She sleeps ! my lady sleeps !  
 She sleeps !



PAOLO AND

FRANCESCA.

G. O. ONIONS.



Art. Repro. 52





## THE ONLY PRINCE.

“Would'st drink the waters of the crisped spring  
O' sweet Content? . . . . .”



DULL grey morning brooding over a wasted night; thin driving clouds—the last guests at that banquet of the elements—rolling seawards, scattering fine rain in their passage. Ever and anon, far-off, the boom of departing thunder.

The garden was a quagmire, after those drenching rains and fierce disordering winds; the flowers lying forlornly upon the muddy earth, silently testified to the violence of the tempest, while great trees, still rustling before the fitful valedictions of the storm-god, evidenced the ravages sustained so complainingly. The distant hills were clouded by misty rain-tails, nor was there even a peep of the swelling sea. Only the persistent roar of the breakers spoke of the darker things that had happened during the brief summer's night.

Inside the house was a fragmentary discussion of breakfast, broken only by the departure of the master, after a gloomy meal; one by one the children filed into the shabby room, grumbling at the shabbier food, while the patient mother herself did not lack signs of growing irritation. “Thank God, they will have gone to school by nine o'clock,” thought she; and glanced wearily towards the mantelpiece.

From her seat by the window the sick child, inured by long suffering to the cold unpleasantness of her surroundings, gazed indifferently at the wretched prospect without. She scarce heeded the fault-finding, growling brothers, the vinegar tones of her sister; only a sudden inflection of her mother's voice caused her, at last, to turn a steady glance towards nearer miseries. “What's the matter, dear?” she asked.

"Jack has knocked over the milk jug—that's what's the matter," snapped the mother, losing her temper as she spoke; "and, of course, the jug's broken—just as I might have expected. I never saw such a tiresome boy, never."

"Wasn't my fault——"

"Of course not," put in the sister, acidly; "it couldn't be—every one knows *that*."

The sick child turned away from the quarrel, and fell to counting the heavy rain-drops that splashed from the projecting eaves down upon the window sill. She watched them fixedly, for a faint spasm of pain had warned her of an approaching attack. It was always best to try and forget your worries, she had read somewhere; and possibly by fastening her thoughts upon those rain-drops, she might become so abstracted as to scarce feel her terrible pains. . . . It was worth a trial.

A half view of the road, with all its pools and mud, lay before her; it was a daydream of hers to look along this highway, to that rising ground where, incontinent, it dipped to the coast, and afterwards found a roundabout way to the town. To-day the mists shrouded the landscape.

Counting the rain-drops methodically, it was not until it was an accomplished fact that she noted that the sun was struggling through the wrack of clouds. A sudden flush of prismatic tints turned one round and falling drop to the likeness of an opal. The sick child spoke again. "The sun is coming out," she cried.

The outline of the road became apparent; next the trees at the point of its departure shook themselves clear of the sleet, then she could see the hedgerows quite distinctly. There was the dark streak where the stone fence commenced plainly shewing itself. A thrush piped—once, twice.

A familiar figure appeared on the brow of the hill; he stood there waving his hat to her. The wind tossed his cloak wide about his spare shoulders, the last shreds of rain frisked in his face, and vanished. As the sun burst through its barriers, the hat was replaced, and the Only Prince strode cheerfully down the hill and towards the house.

How she smiled to herself at his coming; what a welcome they all



must give. She heard her mother kissing the repentant Jack, and speeding him to school. . . . "Here is some cake for you, dear—be quick home."

You could see the flowers pricking up their heads at the sound of his approach—he was a wonderful gardener, this Prince—and really, when you came to look closer, they were not so soiled as you had imagined; that lily was spotless, thanks to a shielding bush.

"Won't you open the window, dearie?" whispered the mother, coming over to her; "it is quite warm"—and stooping down, the faded cheek was pressed against the pinched one—"it is going to be such a lovely day."

As the casement was pushed wide, a thin hand beckoned to the Prince. He was standing at the gate and smiling, wiping his brow as if he were hot. "Aren't you coming in?" asked the sick child.

"Thrushes are rarely wild," said the mother, thinking she spoke to the merry, whistling bird, as it hopped about the wet paths. "Your father kept one in a cage when we were first married"—she laughed to herself at some tender recollection—"but it would never sing much," added the mother, smoothing back her child's hair from the hot forehead. "Don't you feel well, dearie?"

"Better," said the sick child, "much better. . . ."

A puff of wind brought in with it a sweet breath of Summer. The fragrance of roses and moist earth, the smell of the great blue sea, spiced with sweet-brier, the perfume of old-world flowers and honeysuckle, all were there. You could detect each one in that refreshing breeze.

"I have had a hard night of it," observed the Only Prince, coming up to the window, so soon as the mother had gone to her household duties; "you would never believe how far I have walked, and how many people I have seen."

"Yet you did not forget *me*," replied the sick child.

"Why, no—did you fancy I should?" He laughed, as if this were some huge joke. "I must tell you all my doings," continued he, confidentially, "but first allow me to shake the rain off my cloak." This done, he rested his elbows upon the window-sill, and began talking quietly—keeping the exciting parts of his story against those moments when

flickering shadows, falling across his listener's face, warned him that her pains were at their old tricks. He took her hand gently, and leaned half through the window, nor ceased talking until the sun shone, too, from out of her sad blue eyes. He told her of many things—of patience, of unselfishness, and of himself.

“You have been a long time away,” murmured she.

## II.

You would hardly credit how fast the time flew by, now that the Prince was there. Even the cross-grained sister sang at her work; and the mother bustled about, getting the dinner cooked and ready by twelve o'clock. She wanted some herbs, and prepared to go out for them, but the sister would not allow this. “You'll get your feet all wet,” said she, in her off-hand way; “I'll go.”

She picked up her skirts daintily as she crossed the garden, her lips puckered, her brows divided by a thin little line. *That* would be a bad wrinkle one of these days, if she did not look out . . . and the Prince had a recipe against wrinkles. He left the window and stepped towards Miss Vinegar, and touched her on the shoulder.

“Here's a pansy for you,” said he, taking one from his buttonhole; then he fastened it in her dress. “They call it heart's-ease in countries where they should know . . . And in any event, 'tis a becoming flower to wear with a pretty face.” And she actually smiled, and went out at the wooden gate, smiling still.

The sick child thanked the Prince when he returned to his former position, and the two fell a-chatting once more. Now that the sun was well overhead you could see that the puddles and pools were disappearing rapidly—no one cares to look untidy in broad sunlight; and the high road had a reputation to keep up.

The villagers, busy on many homely errands, all found a moment to throw a “good morning” over the hedge towards the window; the sick child had to take all these greetings to herself, for those blind folk seemed to overlook the Prince. Such a fellow as he cared little for this, however; and, whether they noticed him or not, he had always some friendly jest for them.



At last the church clock boomed out twelve times, and soon afterwards the master came along the road. He had done a good four hours' work already, and he was very hungry, having had so poor a breakfast. He stopped by the gate, as the Only Prince had—in much the same place too.

“Upon my word,” thought the master, looking across the garden, “this is not half a bad little place. I like it better than any other house in the village—to be sure, I don't know that I have anywhere seen quite such another house in my life. That honeysuckle above the porch is a fine sort, and this brier is very sweet . . . our roses are wonderfully clean, after the rain, too. Then there's mother, calling us to dinner—she's punctual to the minute . . . and my boys—well, really, they seem to be intelligent, good-hearted lads; and straight enough, in mind and body. I ought to be thankful for *that*. . . And here's my big girl, the prettiest lass in the village when she likes; her tongue's a bit too pointed, perhaps; but, bless us and save us, who's perfect in this world? Not I, for one.”

The master walked slowly up the garden path, pausing to smell the roses, or help, with careful hand, some struggling little plant to recover from the effects of the departed storm. He went round the little plot of ground two or three times, gathering a flower here and there; and always the best blossoms. Once he brushed against the Prince—closely—and though he did not actually take the least notice, the master was conscious more than ever that it really was a very nice little home, full of sweet things and quaint delightful treasures, and folk that were very dear to him.

The bouquet was complete by now; he turned to the window, where bright eyes waited to welcome him. “Last, but not least,” said the master, bending his head so that he could look right in, “see what a nosegay there is for someone—I wonder if you can guess who is to have it?”

The Prince had gone round to the back door; he wished to prompt the mother as to a small detail in connection with dinner—*how to serve it properly*. The sick child therefore thought a moment or so before she answered, “Is it for me—to be my very *own*?”

The master dropped the flowers into her lap by way of reply, then he moved towards the porch, and so into the room itself. He came up to the edge of the couch, and watched the thin little fingers putting the bright



colours together; he watched her in silence, as she re-made the bouquet, causing it to appear even more beautiful than before . . . “You will take them to Aunt Priscilla,” commanded the sick child presently; “she loves flowers—and there are none in the town, so they say——”

“That is quite true,” murmured the Only Prince, suddenly reappearing in his old place. But the master only stooped down to kiss the child’s forehead. He re-took the nosegay—“Spare me this one flower, Lord,” prayed he, “and I will *never* be ungrateful——”

But now in came the mother with the dinner, and the brothers were clattering about the brick floor, too—their faces scrubbed and shining. “We were late for school,” shouted they, breathless to tell some amazing news; “but we did our lessons so well that we’ve got the bad marks taken off!”

Miss Vinegar came back at this minute. What with her high colour and sparkling eyes, and clean white frock and cherry bonnet, she looked as unlike her name as was possible. “Who gave you that?” asked the master, slyly, pointing to the bosom of her dress.

“Why there—” answered Miss Vinegar, “I really can’t remember!”

“Pansies grow in the garden at the end of the house,” observed the mother, twinkling; “that’s where the young wood-carver lives, the lad you like so well”—she spoke to the master. “Pansies are for thoughts,” she went on, demurely.

“What nonsense you all talk,” remarked Miss Vinegar, going to the cupboard. As she hung up the herbs in fragrant bunches on a little row of nails at the back, her cheeks reflected a warm glow on the side of the bright copper kettle that stood, out of harm’s way, on the top shelf. “I forget who gave it me; there now!”

Then, laughing, Miss Vinegar took her seat at the table and served out the potatoes and helped the mother, and generally made herself useful. And she brought the best of everything to the little chair beside the couch, and placed it so that her sister could eat comfortably. As the master looked round at all this, and as he noted those happy faces and heard the even happier voices, he said again in his heart, “I ought to be very, very thankful. . . .”

Nor did he need to remember the terrible stories he had heard that day of wrecks and disasters, and the misfortunes of the past night; of the hard-

ships and suffering endured by others less lucky than he; of the cheerless homes and hearths, cold even in the full of summer. All these things were in his mind; but it was the presence of the Only Prince that made this shabby little room the paradise it surely was.

And so throughout the day, until shadows sprang up in the corners of it, and the sun's rays struck in more and more obliquely. While the lamp was being lighted the cuckoo called for the last time from the far-off woods; and the master, returned from work again, carried the sick child, couch and all, to the back room—the room that should have been the best one . . . had things been different. Perhaps one day, she would be able to walk; miracles do happen now and then; and wings, at the least, should be hers . . . some time. The master caught his breath at the thought. His little flower, already withered as she was, made the room a better one than “best,” nobody could possibly doubt that.

The sick child held the master's fingers while her bed was got ready for the night. The mother's kiss soothed her and she closed her eyes. “Good night, all my dears,” sighed she contentedly; “leave the door open that I may see you, if I awake——”

“Always leave the door open,” whispered the Only Prince, as if speaking to himself—“the door of your heart; never shut it, not even for a moment. . . .”

In the front room Miss Vinegar was preparing the supper. The two brothers had gone to bed so soon as they had kissed their father “good night.” The window was still open, so that the Prince could smile in at it all—and a perfume of sweet-brier came gently blowing through the casement.

The sick child slumbered peacefully as the night itself; and the time drew near for departure—for he is very hard-working, is this Only Prince. He clapped his hands together—“Love, Compassion, Gratitude,” cried he, calling his courtiers, “watch so long as you may over this roof-tree and all beneath its shade.” Then he drew out the Royal Insignia—a sprig of Rosemary; and throwing it softly into the room, he disappeared.

. . . . The shades gathered, and the lights in the windows of the village began to go out, one by one. The master, pushing back his plate, bowed his head. He spoke earnestly.

“For what we have received . . . .”

PAUL CRESWICK.



N ALLEGORY.

A. BRISCOE.









## DIFFUGERE NIVES.

HORACE—ODES, IV. 7.

THE snows are fled away, leaves on the shaws  
And grasses in the mead renew their birth,  
The river to the river-bed withdraws,  
And altered is the fashion of the earth.

The Nymphs and Graces three put off their fear  
And unapparelled in the woodland play.  
The swift hour and the brief prime of the year  
Say to the soul, *Thou wast not born for aye.*

Thaw follows frost; hard on the heel of spring  
Treads summer sure to die, for hard on hers  
Comes autumn, with his apples scattering;  
Then back to wintertide, when nothing stirs.

But oh, whate'er the sky-led seasons mar,  
Moon upon moon rebuilds it with her beams:  
Come *we* where Tullus and where Ancus are,  
And good Aeneas, we are dust and dreams.

Torquatus, if the gods in heaven shall add  
The morrow to the day, what tongue has told?  
Feast then thy heart, for what thy heart has had  
The fingers of no heir will ever hold.

When thou descendest once the shades among,  
The stern assize and equal judgment o'er,  
Not thy long lineage nor thy golden tongue,  
No, nor thy righteousness, shall friend thee more.

Night holds Hippolytus the pure of stain,  
Diana steads him nothing, he must stay;  
And Theseus leaves Pirithöus in the chain  
The love of comrades cannot take away.

A. E. HOUSMAN.





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